

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,295, Vol. 50.

August 21, 1880.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

## IRELAND.

MR. FORSTER'S manly denunciation of the shameful language used by an Irish member of the name of DILLON gives superfluous proof that he at least has no sympathy with treason, robbery, and murder. The encouragement by a member of Parliament of assassination and of rebellion is assuredly not due to the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. The agitators who urge the tenant-farmers to withhold payment of rent would care nothing for temporary suspension of processes of eviction. One of them at a late meeting on the borders of Cork and Kerry boasted that the farmers had last year saved four millions by following the recommendation that they should pay either what they considered a fair rent, or no rent if the tender was refused. They were now exhorted to pay no rent in any case during the present year. The same or another orator, commenting on a cry raised by the audience of "shoot the landlords," hypocritically protested against personal violence, unless indeed the landlord with the aid of the sheriff and the police attempted to rob the tenants, or, in other words, to recover his rent. In that case they were urged to fight in defence of their property, which has become their own by the simple method of refusal to pay their debts. The peasants of France had, as one of the speakers apocryphally asserted, offered their landlords before the Revolution a fair compromise; but it was refused, and they gave the landlords their just due, a rope at every crossing. Supporters of the Disturbance Bill can scarcely affect to believe that the Land League would have acquiesced in the payment of rent and arrears after a suspension of eighteen months. The Bill, if it had been passed, would have been represented as an acknowledgment by the Legislature that the right of the landowner to his rent was contingent on favourable circumstances.

Mr. FORSTER'S sudden departure for Ireland will have produced an impression that the state of affairs is extremely serious. Neither violent speeches nor isolated agrarian outrages could have induced a Chief Secretary, with the concurrence of his colleagues, to take a course which must necessarily cause general and vague alarm. It may be presumed that Mr. FORSTER'S visit to Ireland will be short, as in a few days his presence will be required in the House of Commons to defend the Irish Estimates, which some of the Home Rule members threaten to oppose. It will be a fresh proof of a kind of audacity which has nothing to do with courage, if Mr. PARNELL'S followers, in pursuance of their threat, propose that the constabulary shall not be employed in protection of process-servers employed by landlords. The House of Commons is not likely to listen to any proposal of the kind, but the ringleaders of the faction may perhaps take the opportunity of renewing the obstructive practices which have been suspended during the present Session. It is possible that Mr. FORSTER may bring back with him information of a condition of affairs which, if it is disclosed, may reduce even Irish agitators to silence. There appears to be no doubt that the agitation of the Land League is in some places assuming the form of Fenianism. The robbery of firearms from the ship *Juno*, though it had insignificant results, illustrates the daring and the policy of the conspirators. It is also certain that in some districts the disaffected peasantry are providing themselves with arms received from the United States, or, in some instances, purchased through the almost incredible carelessness of

the authorities at sales of old Government stores. The periodical recrudescence of sedition is one of the most notorious peculiarities of Irish history. Short intervals of tranquillity are always followed by increased violence of language on the part of demagogues; and then isolated acts of violence are followed or accompanied by attempts at resistance to the Government. The praiseworthy regard of statesmen for the ordinary rules of the Constitution is fully appreciated by the disturbers of the peace. Successive Ministers fear to encounter the cant of Parliamentary commonplace by demanding, except under strong pressure, the extraordinary powers which might enable them to deal with conspiracy and anarchy. Interference with the possession of deadly weapons by would-be rebels and murderers is described, even by Ministers who have the courage to demand necessary powers from Parliament, as an extraordinary and anomalous violation of liberty. Two or three years ago Mr. GLADSTONE was shocked by an Act of the Indian Government which placed restrictions on the importation of arms. Democratic Governments are less squeamish in guarding the community from danger. The Cape Government not unreasonably justifies the disarmament of the native population by the statement that they have no game to shoot, that they never shoot at marks, and that they can therefore only want guns to kill their peaceful neighbours. Mr. GLADSTONE explained that the people of India required guns to shoot various animals, and especially serpents. Wolves were exterminated in Ireland many years ago, and since the days of St. PATRICK there have been no serpents to kill.

Mr. FORSTER and his colleagues perhaps by this time regret that they allowed the Peace Preservation Act to expire. It is indeed possible that the late Government, if it had remained in office, might have tried the same means of courting popularity; but the Ministers who have actually incurred an unnecessary risk are responsible for the consequences of their policy. As soon as they assumed office they were in a hurry to redeem at the cost of the country the pledges which they had unnecessarily given in Opposition. Their partisans of course quoted in their defence CAVOUR'S hackneyed saying that any one can govern with a state of siege; but there was no state of siege in Ireland which, under the Peace Preservation Act, enjoyed a liberty or license which would excite the surprise of Continental administrators. There is a wide difference between restriction on the possession of deadly weapons and liability to trial by drumhead court-martial. The Peace Preservation Act, as it was modified by the late Government, neither interfered with the convenience of peaceable subjects nor in any way restrained their enjoyment of liberty. The protection to which they are entitled has been less effectually afforded since the Act was, for the benefit of the Ministers, allowed to expire. The virtual murder of Mr. BORN and his son would probably not have been perpetrated if the Government had not given unnecessary facilities for the acquisition of arms. To suit the particular case CAVOUR'S speech must be altered by the insertion of a negative. Any statesman can fail to govern with or without a state of siege. The security of life and property, which is the main object of government, has been diminished or abolished by reason of clap-trap legislation.

The riots in the North, though they indicate a barbarous state of society, cause no serious uneasiness. The Protestants and Catholics of Belfast have long been in the

habit of displaying religious fervour by fighting one another on sacred anniversaries. The Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church on the 15th of August, has by an odd coincidence been converted in two countries to dissimilar political purposes. Under the French Empire it was discovered that the day derived additional sanctity from its consecration to a mythical *St. NAPOLEON*; and in the North of Ireland that anniversary has of late years been kept as a set-off against the commemoration a few days earlier of the battle of the Boyne. On Sunday last Catholic processions at Belfast, at Dungannon, and at Downpatrick, sallied forth to provoke the Orangemen, who eagerly accepted the challenge. The police at Belfast by great exertion kept the two bloodthirsty mobs out of one another's reach; but pious Protestants took occasion to wreck the homes of some of the members of the procession in their absence. At Dungannon the police were compelled to fire on the Catholics, who were even more unmanageable than their rivals. The petty civil war has probably been discontinued till next August, when it will once more symbolize the expediency of conceding independence to two irreconcilable factions which are only restrained from internecine conflicts by the authority of the Imperial Government. The Ulster riots, though in a high degree foolish and mischievous, are less dangerous than the sordid conspiracy of the Land League and of its Fenian accomplices. The Orangemen have at different times caused much trouble by their violence and by their sectarian organization; but they are not likely to join in the agitation for the repeal of the Union. They represent at the same time the vicious spirit of the old Protestant ascendancy, and the passions which are in some degree excused by the turbulent intolerance of their antagonists. It is remarkable that the Irish feud is reproduced in Canada, as well as in Liverpool. Even on their native soil Orangemen and their quarrels with Roman Catholics have little political importance. A century ago they were the most formidable opponents of English supremacy. Later experience has taught them that they and their co-religionists would be the first to suffer by the attainment of independence.

#### LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

**L**ORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE is the only English diplomatist who has in modern times acquired a popular reputation. His character and exploits have been celebrated with sympathetic eloquence by the historian of the Crimean war, whose admiration was certainly not diverted from the personage whom he calls the "Great Elchee" by the claims of formidable rivals. Mr. KINGLAKE, indeed, owes some gratitude to Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE for providing him with a subject by forcing on the war when the French and English Governments had at one stage of the negotiations submitted to the arrogant pretensions of Russia. The Emperor NAPOLEON, who had contrived the quarrel, was always inclined to vacillation, and his Ministers and confidential advisers were almost unanimously opposed to the war and to the English alliance. With the exception of Lord PALMERSTON and of the Duke of NEWCASTLE, the English Cabinet was to the last moment bent on escaping from the necessity of war; and both Governments had agreed to accept the formula of the Vienna Note, although it included a recognition of the Russian protectorate over the Christian subjects of the SULTAN. The English Ambassador at Constantinople stood alone in his determination to counteract Russian intrigues. On his recommendation the Porte assigned to the Note its true meaning, and refused to accept it. The Russian Government immediately afterwards publicly affixed to the document the interpretation which the Western Powers had affected to misunderstand. Although Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE at last precipitated the conflict, it might have been altogether avoided if he had directed the councils of England, and the policy of Lord ABERDEEN and his colleagues would only have postponed it. Lord STRATFORD would never have enticed the Emperor NICHOLAS into intolerable presumption by withholding warning and menace; nor would he have allowed a Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose a ridiculous and deceptive vote of credit for the conveyance of the Guards to Malta and back again. Even if the Ambassador had

not forced the hand of the Government, the timid Ministers would, as one of them expressed it, have drifted into war.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE's decisive intervention at a great crisis recalled attention to the control over Turkish affairs which he had acquired and exercised during the busiest portion of his life. Like his still more famous kinsman, he had cordially sympathized with the cause of Greece while the struggle was proceeding; but the question had been settled for the time long before he became resident Ambassador at Constantinople; and he found it necessary to deal, not with races aspiring to be free, but with perversity and corruption in Turkey, and with the incessant efforts of Russia to create disorder as material for disaffection. To promote or to permit the dissolution of the Empire while he was accredited to its sovereign would have been repugnant to Lord STRATFORD's manly and loyal nature, even if the operations of an IGNATIEFF had been consistent with the policy of his Government. From the first he made it his business to reform the administration, in the hope that the existing order of things might be maintained by being first rendered tolerable. His stern and peremptory temper was well adapted to an enterprise which was rather that of a ruler than of a diplomatist. Before his mission began, the SULTAN had been brought to the brink of ruin by the rebellion of MEHEMET ALI, and he had purchased temporary protection from Russia under the degrading treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Lord STRATFORD taught the Porte to look to England for protection, but always under the condition that the oppression of the Christians should be abolished or mitigated, and that misgovernment should be as far as possible corrected. The laws and decrees which were published at his instance were but imperfectly enforced; but the Turks had at least been compelled to recognize in theory the principles of modern civilization. If it had been possible that the same statesman should have overawed Sultans and Viziers to the present time there might probably have been no Bulgarian massacre and no Russian invasion. Unfortunately his immediate successor possessed none of his qualities; and the influence of England, which had largely depended on his personal character, gradually declined; yet, even as late as 1871, the tradition established by Lord STRATFORD so far subsisted that the Porte offered to give any answer which the English Government might direct to the Russian demand for the partial abrogation of the treaty. It was not surprising that, on the refusal of England to interfere, the feeble Sultan resigned himself to the treacherous inspiration of the Russian Ambassador.

Although Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE had been employed on several previous missions, his strictly diplomatic aptitudes were never fully tested. His graceful presence and winning manner scarcely indicated the imperious disposition which probably served his purpose better in dealing with Orientals than with European equals. He had the good fortune to learn his business thoroughly by early apprenticeship. In his time the equal right of all classes to enter the public service, and the consequent practice of competition were unknown, and it is one of the incidental advantages of aristocratic patronage that it provides opportunities for youth. WELLINGTON commanded a regiment and a brigade at nine-and-twenty, and a year or two later he won a great pitched battle. NELSON by family interest became a post-captain at twenty-one, and not long afterwards when he was taunted with his youth he could boast that he was as fit to command a frigate as the Prime Minister at the same age to govern the country. STRATFORD CANNING held a considerable diplomatic appointment before he was of age; and at five-and-twenty, when the allies entered Switzerland on their way to France, he was entrusted with the care of English interests as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Helvetic Confederacy. It was perhaps on that occasion that he acquired his first experience of the caprices of Russian absolutism. He was not of a disposition to sympathize with the postponement of the military and political interests of the allies to ALEXANDER's sentimental regard for his tutor LA HARPE, and for a Swiss lady who was attached to the service of the Imperial family. With ALEXANDER he afterwards maintained friendly relations; the Emperor NICHOLAS made a serious mistake when he made Lord STRATFORD his personal enemy, by refusing to receive him as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. One result of the Emperor's prejudice was the loss of the services in England of Princess LIEVEN, who had long been one of the most adroit of diplomatists.

agents. As Lord PALMERSTON refused for some time to appoint another Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Prince LIEVEN was necessarily recalled; and neither he nor the PRINCESS returned to England.

Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, like most statesmen of his own and of an earlier generation, was a classical scholar. In imitation of GEORGE CANNING he first made himself known by editing a school magazine at Eton, and he also possessed the accomplishment of making Latin verses. To the last he retained a love of his early studies, and after the age of ninety he wrote and published English verses which were not extraordinarily bad. With fuller right than the late Lord DERBY he would have excused his ignorance of some modern branches of education by his birth in the pre-scientific era. His literary ability was principally exhibited in despatches, which in his time were not, as at present, uniformly published for the gratification of popular curiosity. During his short Parliamentary career he failed to acquire distinction as an orator; and it is uncertain whether earlier practice would have enabled him to succeed in debate. His occasional pamphlets on the subjects which he best understood are not marked by conspicuous literary ability; but in some instances they belong to the period of his decline. As he is not numbered among Parliamentary politicians, and as his diplomatic employments were of an exceptional character, Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE may be most properly compared with the great Indian statesmen whose occupation must have been in some respects similar to his own. The business of teaching or forcing Oriental despots to administer their authority for the good of their subjects, and to maintain peace at home and abroad, has always been one of the principal means by which the Indian Empire has been established and consolidated. In India Residents and Political Agents have had the paramount power of the Governor-General as a last resort on which they might fall back when their personal influence was found wanting; but their merits have been generally measured by their ability to secure obedience and deference without the necessity of using force. In Turkey Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE could, in case of need, threaten to suspend the protection afforded to England by Turkey, but he mainly relied on the justice and expediency of the policy which he uniformly recommended. Pashas and Ministers, while they might secretly resent the dictation of a foreigner, knew that compliance with his demands would promote the general tranquillity and the security of the Empire. The mass of the population found that the agents who represented the Ambassador in the provinces were invariably hostile to the corruption and violence which they could but partially check. The political relation of England to the Turkish Government has recently been reversed, but popular confidence is more tenacious. It is not a little the result of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE's exertions that in almost every province of the Turkish Empire the establishment of English authority would be cordially welcomed.

#### THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE statement made by Lord HARTINGTON in explanation of the Indian Budget was received with deserved approbation by all parties in the House of Commons. It had all or nearly all the merits which such a statement ought to have. It was clear, it was characterized by sufficient firmness and decision, and it was free from any tinge of personal bitterness or party animosity. Lord HARTINGTON had to give a sketch of the present state of Indian finance apart from the charges of the Afghan war. He had to make an estimate of those charges, to explain how it has happened that they so largely exceed the sum originally calculated, and to examine how so great an amount of miscalculation had been possible. Lastly, he had to consider the future of Indian finance, the possibility of reducing expenditure, and the contribution which England is to make to the cost of the war. With one salient feature of Indian finance, as it now stands, it was impossible he should not express satisfaction. In the three years under consideration there has been a total surplus of a little over eleven millions sterling. The vital question to answer in studying Indian finance is, how this surplus has been obtained, and clear as Lord HARTINGTON's speech was in other respects, it was not quite so clear as could have been wished

in this respect. A surplus is obtainable by the yield of new taxes, by the increasing productiveness of old taxes, by the reduction of expenditure, and by windfalls. The new taxes imposed to provide for what is popularly known as the famine insurance fund, yielded, or, taking in the current year, are estimated to yield, a total of 3,394,000*l.* Excepting the salt duty, there does not appear to be any ordinary source of revenue that is giving an increase. Reduction of expenditure accounts for a considerable portion of the surplus, especially for that of 1880-1, about two millions sterling less being calculated to be spent, apart from war charges, than in previous years. Lastly, the Indian Government has had several windfalls. The opium duty yielded two and a-half millions sterling more in the years 1878-9-1879-80 than was expected. The war caused a large amount to be paid to the railways for carriage of materials, and a million sterling appears to be accounted for in this way. Lastly there was, during part of the period referred to, an abnormal increase in the land revenue owing to the collection of famine arrears. While, however, we can gather from Lord HARTINGTON's speech how, generally speaking, the surplus was obtained, we do not find in it materials for setting down precisely how much was gained under each head. Still we are enabled to arrive at one result which is of considerable importance. The only real and permanent source of the surplus is the reduction of expenditure. The new taxes, the produce of which has been applied to the cost of the war, must, if they are continued, be applied to the special purpose for which they were imposed, and do not enter into the proper Budget of India. The ordinary taxes yield so little of an income that they need not be taken into account. Windfalls must be treated as windfalls, and not regarded as an ordinary source of income. There remains the reduction of expenditure, which is a real and unquestionable source of surplus. Lord HARTINGTON, however, expressed an opinion that reduction cannot be carried much further, and it can scarcely be said to be as yet established that some part of the reduction has not been obtained by starving branches of the public service, on which more may have to be spent if they are to be kept in a state of efficiency.

The portion of Lord HARTINGTON's speech which naturally excited the greatest interest was that in which he dealt with the cost of the war. He had nothing new to tell. It was known before he rose to speak that the Indian Government had made a most serious miscalculation, a miscalculation of nine millions sterling. The Indian Government calculated that the war would cost six millions, and it has cost fifteen. This is not as if the miscalculation only referred to sums that were to be spent. The astonishing thing is that the Indian Government spent million after million without knowing that it had gone. In the year that, according to financial language is now two years ago, 1878-79, it spent 2½ millions more than it had calculated on spending. It paid away all this money and never knew that it paid it. Although nine millions have been spent, or are to be spent on the war, there do not remain nine millions to pay, but only three and a half millions. The Indian Government has paid five and a half millions beyond its own estimates without having had a suspicion that not only the money had to be found, but that it had been found. Lord HARTINGTON stated that he has done his very best to inquire how this can possibly have happened, and has entirely failed to find out. The mysteries of Indian finance are so great, that not only are the people who manage the finances ignorant to the extent of millions of how the money goes, but an intelligent and industrious outsider, armed with full powers and bent on solving the puzzle, has not in three months been able to get nearer the truth than the first man in the street could have got. Lord HARTINGTON, with the frankness that was to be expected of him, repudiated the absurd notion that the Indian Government had been deliberately concealing the truth. As he pointed out, the high character for personal honour of the leading members of the Indian Government entirely precludes such a supposition; and, even if they had been knaves enough to plan such a deception, they could not have been fools enough to have supposed that it would have answered. If prosperity budgets had been cooked to serve electioneering purposes, they must, if successful, have recoiled on the very Ministry they were meant to serve. The particular mode in which the Indian Government made its mistake is easy to see. In accordance with precedent, it took as its guide only the

audited accounts of military expenditure, and only a small portion of the total of these accounts was audited. All that can be said is that it was a very unbusiness-like and unstatesmanlike mode of proceeding to take the audited accounts as a guide. The plain facts were what a skilful financier would have attended to. There were so many thousand troops moved forward, requiring such an amount of transport and provision. An easy calculation would have shown that the war could not be costing as little as the audited accounts suggested. It is of course only on extraordinary occasions that statesmen have to make such calculations. The leading members of the Indian Government were men who on an extraordinary occasion moved in an ordinary groove. This is all that can be said in their dispraise. And it must be owned that if they erred they erred in very good company. Mr. GLADSTONE long ago expressed his disbelief in the accuracy of the official calculations. But then Mr. GLADSTONE is a great financier. The instinct of financial genius told him that the accounts could not be right. He saw that a war on such a scale could not be carried on at the alleged cost. But the accounts of the Indian Government do not appear to have excited any misgiving in the Home Government. No doubt it was primarily the duty of the Viceroy and his Finance Minister to make the calculation which it now seems wonderful they did not make. But there were others who also might have been expected to inquire what the VICEROY and his Finance Minister were about, and that no one among their own friends or superiors had any criticism or suggestion to offer them must be allowed to mitigate any blame that public opinion in England may be inclined to attach to them.

Lord HARTINGTON said that he was not as yet prepared to say what contribution England ought to make to the expenses of the war. He must know what the total cost of the war would be before he could say how large was to be the share that England would take upon herself. He, however, stated that the contribution of England would be a substantial one, and that he was sure that Englishmen of all parties would be willing to make the contribution. He put it as a matter of justice, not of charity. India at this moment is not seriously incommoded by the payments it has made, or expects to make, for the war. It could pay the whole cost without any great difficulty. We are not to come forward to help India because India is poor, but because India, being solvent, has done work for us. According to Lord HARTINGTON'S view, we have hired India to do something for England, and England must in simple justice pay the price of the hiring. If this is an accurate account of the transaction, Englishmen of all parties would certainly pay with the utmost cheerfulness what was due from them. But, when they have to pay, they will very much like to know what is due by them and why. Lord HARTINGTON said that, when we enter on war for purposes of Imperial policy and ask India to supply us with men, and with material of war, we ought to pay India for what it supplies us with. If this is intended to be a description of the Afghan war, England ought to pay the whole cost of it. The only intelligible ground on which India and England can be held liable to share the cost of the war is that it is a war waged partly for Indian and partly for English purposes. Let it be assumed that the objects of the war were twofold—the better defence of India, and the possibility of our concentrating our efforts on some spot nearer home in case of a war with Russia if we had not India to defend. It seems impossible to put a proper pecuniary value on these two purposes respectively. How are we to say that it is more just that England should pay a fifth than that it should pay a tenth of the cost of the war? It must be borne in mind that if England pays, not as a matter of charity, but of justice, we are creating a precedent which must guide us in all our future military dealings with India. There is therefore every reason why this precedent should be set with the greatest deliberation; and, above all things, we must take care that we do not, under colour of doing mere justice to India, punish England for having adopted what on reflection we may think to have been a wrong policy.

#### AFGHANISTAN.

THE announcement, made at the end of last week, that there were grounds for supposing an agreement to exist between ABDURRAHMAN and AYUB naturally caused a certain amount of disquietude. It is true that no treachery or double-dealing in Afghans would in the least surprise any one who is acquainted with the Afghan character. But even if the intelligence had been very much more strongly corroborated than it actually was, a little thought would have been sufficient to show that it need cause no immediate alarm, and that, in all probability, it referred to a bygone state of things. That ABDURRAHMAN, as a mere pretender, should attempt to strengthen himself by an alliance with one who was actually in possession of a considerable portion of the country was likely enough; that he would imperil the immediate advantages accruing to him from the English recognition, the departure of General STEWART'S force, and the concentration of our military efforts on the task of crushing his rival, was by no means so probable. From the point of view of the Government, which is, apparently, to get out of Afghanistan with the most speed and the best face possible, ABDURRAHMAN'S complicity with AYUB need not necessarily have been sufficient to make them change their policy, for that policy may be briefly described as a resolute refusal to look at the future. The policy of Mr. GLADSTONE'S last Government, which was that of ignoring Afghanistan as much as possible, has been as faithfully revived as circumstances permit, and it seems to be a particularly sore point with the Ministerialists, in their discussions with their enemies, that the action of the latter has made its complete revival impossible. Lord HARTINGTON does not propose to abandon those advantages for which the late Ministry fought on the eastern side of the country, and he has not yet announced his intention of abandoning those gained by them on the southern. Notwithstanding the attempt of certain Government partisans to make out that the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud comes of occupying Candahar, and of the policy of the forward school, it is sufficiently evident that the disaster is the very strongest possible confirmation of the views of that school. The facility of an advance on India *via* Herat has been only too clearly made out, and the value of Candahar as a dyke against the waters of invasion has (notwithstanding the very questionable generalship of more than one officer concerned) been made out still more triumphantly. It may fairly be said that while the abandonment of Candahar before Kushk-i-Nakhud would have been evidence of a want of forethought, its abandonment after that event would be an unpardonable refusal to profit by the lessons of experience.

Although no actual war operations of great moment have taken place during the past week, information of one kind or another, which is interesting and important enough, has reached England. The persistent protests and questions of certain Members of the House of Commons have elicited statements from Lord HARTINGTON calculated to remove a good deal of the anxiety which was caused by the announcement of General ROBERTS'S march. The GENERAL, it is now certain, carries with him sufficient supplies of the absolutely necessary kind, and when he has reached Kelat-i-Ghilzai, he will be able to fill up if necessary from the magazines of that useful post. The absence of any rumour of actual or intended obstruction to his force may be taken to show that in the most dangerous part of his route—the neighbourhood of Ghuznee—there are no signs of opposition. On the other side General PHAYEE is slowly massing, while at Candahar itself the siege has at last been formed, and seems to be proceeding with some briskness. In connexion with this siege there are, it must be confessed, some mysteries. It has suddenly become known that either one or two regiments of native infantry have at some uncertain time made their way to General PRIMROSE, so that officer has an effective strength not very far short of five thousand men. This is in itself well, though it is, as we have said, mysterious. But it is not so well that this force of nearly five thousand men, more than twelve hundred of whom are said to be Englishmen, should be lurking behind the walls of Candahar, while a force officially estimated at not much more than double their strength forms the siege against them. This was not the way in which England won India, and most assuredly it is not the way in which she can expect to keep it. From the reckless undervaluing of the force of the enemy, which led

to the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud, a revulsion seems to have taken place to an almost equally imprudent unreadiness to meet them. No doubt a certain amount of demoralization must have resulted from the mishap or the blunder of July 27. But the ghosts of CLIVE and COOTE and WELLINGTON and LAKE contemplating General PRIMROSE with five thousand men shut up in Candahar by AYOUB with ten thousand, would supply no bad theme for tragic poetry of the severer classical kind. It is, of course, impossible to say that General PRIMROSE, inferior as he is in cavalry and artillery, may not be justified in remaining strictly on the defensive. The enlarged estimate of his force may itself, in the singular confusion of intelligence which seems to exist, have been erroneous. But to think that we have at the present moment in garrison or on the march something like five-and-twenty thousand men resisting, or in chase of, a force of ten thousand, is not altogether an agreeable thought, and would be still less agreeable were it not that the awkward state of things can be pretty clearly traced to the carelessness or incompetence of individuals. There is something not a little pathetic in the fact that for comfort and consolation under these circumstances it is necessary to look to the fact that a garrison of Indian troops during the past week has actually resisted a tribe of freebooting marauders successfully, has pursued them some distance, and has inflicted considerable loss on them. The conduct of the garrison of Kuch deserves only praise; but it is a pity that its merits should be heightened by the force of contrast.

On the whole there seems to be no reason for immediate alarm about Afghan matters, notwithstanding the activity of AYOUB at Candahar, but the same can hardly be said as regards the future. Such an enterprise as that in which we have been for two years engaged has far too much of the nature of a Nessus's shirt to enable us to throw it off and cut all connexion with it in the offhand fashion recommended to Lord HARTINGTON by many of his advisers. But even if we suppose that the new AMEER is induced by a knowledge of his own interest to keep tolerably good faith with us, the problem would be by no means satisfactorily resolved. The Government, perhaps for good reasons, have given no indication of the course to be pursued towards AYOUB. When General ROBERTS or General PHAYEE, or both, come up, he will, of course, either be beaten or will shun the contest. But the former result would not, save in the unlikely case of his capture, end the matter, and the latter would at once lay upon the Government the necessity of deciding a very difficult question. Are we to go to Herat, and, if so, what are we to do there? General ROBERTS will no doubt be quite as ready to go to Herat as to Candahar, and AYOUB's march in the opposite direction shows that no material difficulties will prevent his doing so. The strength of the place has been variously estimated, and if defended by a numerous artillery it might be awkward to attack. But that it can be taken, and will be taken if the orders are given, there is no doubt whatever. The point of interest is, whether the orders will be given; and, if so, what will be done with the place when we have got it. Persia is anxious for it; ABDURRAHMAN would no doubt be extremely glad to receive it at our hands; and the Russians profess a kind of MONROE doctrine in respect of it—a doctrine to which, it is hardly necessary to say, no English Government ought to pay the slightest heed. The necessity of going to Herat—a necessity which, if AYOUB is to be thoroughly punished and the disaster of Kushk-i-Nakhud thoroughly avenged, is almost unavoidable—would bring with it a further necessity, from which the Government seem nervously to shrink. Some day or other, perhaps when it is too late, the Afghan question must be faced fully and fairly, as it ought to have been faced when seven years ago Mr. GLADSTONE's Government adopted the fatal policy which has led to all these troubles. The present plan of simply getting out of the country as soon as possible can in no sense be said to be a full and fair facing of the difficulty. It may not indeed result in any immediate disaster, and those who have criticized it from this point of view may be thought not to have chosen the more excellent way. But it becomes more and more evident every year that India cannot be regarded any longer as if it were a possession by itself fenced round with a wall of brass. When a single nation has succeeded in acquiring the dominion of the entire northern half of a continent, the question of the mutual relations of the southern portions of that continent cannot be con-

sidered apart from this fact. Russia is a neighbour of Asiatic Turkey, a neighbour of Persia, a neighbour of Afghanistan, a neighbour of China; and Persia, Afghanistan, and the Chinese Empire are neighbours, or all but neighbours, of India. No partial dealing with the question can disguise the consequences of these facts. Understandings with Russia have not been so satisfactory in the past that we should revert to them in the future. But even the fanatical abhorers of the forward policy must acknowledge that, if we once hold Herat, to give it up without a very careful consideration of the hands into which it might fall would be rash in the extreme. To hold it would certainly be a formidable undertaking. But one point which can be reaffirmed with certainty is that Candahar, properly held and not left in the air, bars the route from Herat. In the present instance the lesson has been as clearly taught to those who have eyes to see, as if General BURROWS had given AYOUB the beating which he ought to have had.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

A BLUE-BOOK entitled "Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of South Africa," while it contains some interesting matter, affords a specimen of the carelessness with which public documents are edited at the Colonial Office. Sir BARTLE FREERE very properly sent home two newspaper reports of an important debate in the Cape Parliament on the proposal for a conference to consider a plan of Confederation. The Department, merely to save some clerk the trouble of selecting the version either of the *Cape Times* or the *Cape Argus*, prints both reports in full at the public expense to the confusion of curious readers. The interest felt at home in the affairs of South Africa is not too absorbing to be satisfied with a single reading of a Colonial Minister's speech. Students of contemporary history who have sufficient leisure for the purpose will find that the debate is not uninteresting. The modern experiment of responsible government in the Colonies is gradually producing a novel type of Constitution, where all parties intended to conform to the English model. Political measures in the Cape Colony assume the form of Cabinet minutes addressed to the Governor, whose Ministers are at all times nervously anxious to assert their own independence. The Imperial Cabinet, on the other hand, has never found it necessary to acquire a legal position; and consequently it habitually disguises its own exercise of the royal prerogative. It was nominally by the act of the QUEEN, and not of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CARDWELL, that purchase in the army was abolished without the consent of Parliament. Lord KIMBERLEY will perhaps have caused some displeasure at the Cape by assigning as a reason for continuing Sir BARTLE FREERE in office and afterwards for recalling him, the prospect of his being able to forward the policy of Confederation, and the subsequent defeat of the measure. It is highly probable that Sir BARTLE FREERE may have exercised great personal influence, but the most popular objection to Confederation is that it has been recommended by successive Secretaries of State and by the representatives of the Crown. Colonial politicians never forget their anxiety to convince themselves and others that they are mature enough to stand alone. Lord KIMBERLEY's despatch will not remove the impression that Sir BARTLE FREERE has been shabbily treated. "There had been," says the SECRETARY of STATE, "so much divergence between your views and those of Her MAJESTY's present Government on South African affairs that they would not have thought it either desirable or fair to yourself that you should remain at the Cape," except for the prospect of forwarding the policy of Confederation. The reason having now disappeared, the Government "with regret come to the conclusion" that Sir BARTLE FREERE should be recalled. There has, in fact, been no divergence between the views of Sir BARTLE FREERE and of the present Government, though he dissented from the policy which was common to the late Government and the late Opposition. On their accession to office the present Ministers might properly and consistently have dismissed the GOVERNOR; but by deliberately availing themselves of his services they formally condoned any previous error which he might have committed. They recall him on account of the Zulu war after attempting to make use of the influence

which he mainly acquired by the questionable but successful policy which is now condemned.

Mr. SPRIGG, in an elaborate and able speech, ostensibly in favour of a Conference of the South African colonies, dwelt at least as earnestly on the impediments to Confederation as on the expediency of the measure. He remarked that Lord CARNARVON had, three or four years ago, assumed an initiative which belonged to the colony, and that Mr. FROUDE, who was supposed to possess the confidence of the Secretary of State, had conducted an agitation against the colonial Government and Legislature. He also complained that by declining to annex Zululand after the war the Home Government, through Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, had perpetuated or continued a system of tribal power which is inconsistent with the colonial theory of native administration. Mr. SPRIGG also found just fault with the mode in which the annexation of the Transvaal had been forcibly accomplished, when it might have been effected with the consent of the inhabitants. He recognized the difficulties which would arise from any possible mode of selecting delegates to represent the Transvaal at the Conference. The provisional Government is not at present elected by the people; and popular election would return opponents of the English connexion. Other speakers pointed out the objections to Mr. SPRIGG's conclusion that it would be desirable to intrust the appointment of delegates to popular meetings. In other respects it was not difficult to profit by the admissions of the COLONIAL SECRETARY, or to answer the objections which he had offered of difficulties suggested by himself. He had carefully confined himself to arguments in favour of a Conference, professing to leave the question of Confederation open; but it was perfectly evident that a vote in favour of a Conference involved the principle which the delegates were to apply. After a long debate, Mr. SPRIGG stated that he had from the first determined not to carry the measure by a bare majority, and that he believed the votes to be equally divided. He therefore acceded to a motion for the previous question, which was equivalent to the rejection of the Conference, while it left the principle of Confederation in abeyance. In a subsequent sitting, when a vote of confidence in the Government was moved, the Opposition withdrew in a body. It may therefore be understood that Mr. SPRIGG still commands a majority, but henceforth the proceedings of the Cape Parliament will attract little attention in England. The recall of Sir BARTLE FREERE seems to excite general regret, and it may be assumed that no former Governor has acquired to the same extent the confidence of the colonists. Probably his chief merit in their eyes is the Zulu policy, which has caused his recall.

The only exception to the general approval of Sir BARTLE FREERE's administration justifies the belief that he has done much to confirm and extend the loyalty of the South African population. The professed enemies of the English connexion spare no terms of vituperation in speaking of the HIGH COMMISSIONER. In a letter to Mr. COURTNEY, who has undertaken to represent the claims of the Transvaal Boers in the House of Commons, Mr. KRUGER and Mr. JOUBERT sneer at the supposed defeat of the "great man" who was charged with the establishment of a South African Confederation. It seems that either Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, or Sir BARTLE FREERE, or perhaps both, represent a system which is "the establishment and the extension of a British Napoleonic Empire, ostensibly subject to the Home Parliament, but really governed by two or three persons in Downing Street, and governed as arbitrarily as, for instance, Cayenne under NAPOLEON III." Lord KIMBERLEY, Mr. GRANT DUFF, and Mr. HERBERT, seem to be the present tyrants of the South African Cayenne. Another passage is directed exclusively against Sir BARTLE FREERE. "The Zulu war was prepared in a lying way, and was defended with lying arguments. The book of Miss FRANCES COLENSO deserves to be consulted on this point. The indignation in England was great, but the stubborn obstinacy of the Satrap was greater still. And he obtained the victory even over the Liberal Ministry." Mr. COURTNEY may perhaps not be proud of clients who fail to perceive that, if their statement is true, the whole responsibility is transferred from the Satrap to the Liberal Ministers. It is remarkable that even the Transvaal agitators think it worth while to assert that "there exists warm unanimity in the whole of South Africa; the country is ripe and adapted to union; it is also sufficiently powerful to govern the blacks vigorously and

justly; but who has created the disharmony? The system? If the Republic had been honestly and generously assisted, the gratitude of the people would have been prepared for great self-sacrifice." It is indeed greatly to be regretted that assistance to the Transvaal was not withheld until it was earnestly demanded; but Sir BARTLE FREERE, who had no share in the annexation, has at the expense of his own countrymen conferred enormous benefits on the Transvaal. The Boers of the Republic would almost certainly have been attacked and conquered, perhaps exterminated by CETEWAYO, if Sir BARTLE FREERE had not assumed the offensive, on, it may be admitted, insufficient grounds.

Some of the opponents of Confederation have communicated with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, whose energies have for some time been directed to the annexation of the Dominion of Canada to the United States. It would have been difficult to find any other Englishman who regards the Canadian Confederation as a failure; but it is probably true that, as Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH points out, the system requires an inconveniently large number of members of legislative Assemblies, and of administrative functionaries; and the same objection might be raised to the institutions of the United States, which served as a model for Canada. In South Africa the difficulty may perhaps be overcome by the successive annexation to the Cape of the neighbouring provinces. Though the territory is wide, the white population is scanty, and the revenue of all the colonies only amounts to about 6,000,000*l.* West Griqualand is, with the sanction of the Home Government, to be immediately annexed; and perhaps the process may eventually extend to Natal, and even to the Transvaal. The mother-country has no motive for interference either to retard or to accelerate union, except as far as it is thought necessary to undertake the defence of the smaller provinces. In the absence of a strong Imperial garrison the Cape will, for its own sake, not allow Natal or the Transvaal to be overrun by Swazis or Zulus. With its own native population the Cape Government is disposed to deal vigorously. The disarmament of the Basutos has been completed, and there is no sign of renewed resistance. The Zulus have since the war caused no serious uneasiness. One of the speakers in the debate on the Conference asserted that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had substituted thirteen CETEWAYOS for one, but thirteen petty potentates are much less formidable than one warlike chief. Sir BARTLE FREERE will have the satisfaction of leaving South Africa in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, and of bequeathing no considerable difficulty to his successor except that of conciliating the inhabitants of the Transvaal.

#### THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THE debate on the third reading of the Employers' Liability Bill gave the Fourth party an additional opportunity of "facilitating" public business, and raised a not very relevant question as to the terms on which workmen are employed in the Government service. Otherwise it contributed nothing new to a discussion which had already been needlessly long. The tactics of Mr. GORST and his friends while the Bill has been under consideration have been extremely simple. They have endeavoured to overthrow by a succession of side winds a compromise which the House of Commons had accepted when it was directly proposed. This late-born zeal to go all lengths with Mr. MACDONALD does more credit to the ingenuity of these gentlemen than to their consistency. The progress of the Bill through Committee was delayed down to the very last day by further convictions of sin on the Conservative benches. When the present Opposition were in office common employment was treated as a principle too sacred to be touched. Since they have crossed the House they have been more and more disposed to destroy what they once worshipped; and yesterday week the late Solicitor-General proposed to abolish the plea altogether in the case of Railway Companies. Why Railway Companies should be denied a benefit which would still have been allowed to all other industries Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD did not attempt to show; and we can only suppose that in Conservative eyes a Joint-Stock Company is a less interesting victim than an individual colliery owner. From this novel point of view a corporation may be regarded as wanting a pocket to be picked as well as a body to be

kicked and a soul to be saved. It is curious that a proposal of this kind should come from a party which is usually supposed to sympathize with corporations. Sir H. GIFFARD failed, however, to carry all his party with him. Sir WALTER BARTHELOT is too old to dance to the new Conservative pipe, and he fell back on the commonplace argument that the amendment went in a direction never contemplated by the Bill into which it was proposed to insert it, and that a single interest ought not without careful consideration to be picked out for exceptional treatment. The House of Commons supported the Government view, as it usually does when the Government provides a view to be supported, and the amendment was rejected.

The same question came up in another form at the evening sitting, and under circumstances of greater difficulty. Mr. MORLEY proposed that Railway Companies should be held liable for the negligence of any person who has charge or control of any signal, points, engine, or train, and his amendment was accepted by Mr. DODSON and agreed to without a division. Is this exceptional legislation? The Directors of the Midland Railway contend that it is. In a statement read on their behalf to the half-yearly meeting of proprietors on Tuesday, they say that "within the last few days an amendment has been made to single out 'Railway Companies from all other employers of labour, 'and to put them under a special liability.' Colliery owners and ironmasters are made liable only for the acts of servants 'who have superintendence entrusted to them, 'and are not engaged in manual labour,' but as the Bill now stands, 'Railway Companies are to be responsible for 'any negligent act of servants engaged in carrying on traffic, 'such as signal-men, engine-drivers, or guards.' This is certainly a plausible contention. At first sight it does seem as though a burden which had been thought too heavy for colliery owners and ironmasters had been placed upon Railway Companies. As regards all classes of employers except Railway Companies, the object of the Government Bill is to make legal and moral responsibility go together. That which an employer can prevent, if he takes pains, the Bill aims at making him take pains to prevent. He is held responsible for the negligence of his foremen and of all who have the superintendence of other workmen, because the appointment of them is an act of choice not of chance. He is not held responsible for the negligence of his ordinary workmen, because they are necessarily taken on without selection. All that the Railway Companies ask, according to their own account of the matter, is to have this same measure applied to them. They resent being held responsible for the negligence of the ordinary workmen employed on the line and in the carriage of passengers and goods. Signalmen or pointsmen, guards or engine-drivers, are, they say, to a Railway Company what an ordinary miner is to a colliery owner. The duties they perform are duties, not of superintendence, but of manual labour. This is shown by the very fact that it is necessary to introduce a special clause to make the Companies liable for their acts. If they had been superintendents of other men's labour, they would have been included in the general provisions of the Bill.

Before, however, the force of this reasoning is unreservedly acknowledged, two things have to be considered. The first is that, although guards, engine-drivers, signalmen, and pointsmen may not have the superintendence of others, they occupy a position very distinct from that of ordinary workmen. They are not taken on one week and let go the next, just as work happens to be brisk or sluggish. They constitute to some extent a service the admission to which is by selection. They are picked out for the work they have to do, not taken on simply because there is work waiting to be done and they offer themselves to do it. A Railway Company which was careless in the choice of men to fill these places in its service would undoubtedly be to blame if their negligence had any ill consequences; and the Bill does but attempt to convert this moral responsibility into a legal one. Unless the Railway Companies can plead that they know and can know nothing as to the qualifications of the men they entrust with the conduct of trains, the driving of engines, or the management of points and signals, they have no right to complain if they are treated as though they had some knowledge on these matters. If they are able to set up this plea the public will in future have a very much keener sense of the dangers of railway travelling. The second

thing to be considered is that there has often been good ground for attributing the negligence of railway servants employed in critical work to the rules by which their work is regulated. It is impossible for a man to have his full powers about him after he has been working more than a certain number of hours, and it has constantly been asserted, and never, so far as we know, disproved, that on railways the hours are sometimes very long indeed. If a pointsman is sleepy he may turn a train upon the wrong rails without meaning it. If an engine-driver is sleepy he may go on against a signal without knowing what he is doing. If in either of these cases the inability of the man to do his work properly is the result of his having been employed for an unreasonable number of hours, the regulations which compel, or encourage, or permit him to go on working after his power of working well is for the time exhausted are to blame for any accident that may follow. If, therefore, the Railway Companies could not be brought under the Bill in respect of their responsibility for the choice of these particular classes of workmen they would come within its provisions as regards the rules which regulate their work. Assuming that they employ an engine-driver or a signal-man for sixteen hours when he only has his full wits about him for ten, the regulations under which they do so are at fault, and they and their authors may not unfairly be held responsible for any evil that they cause.

Although the principle of the Employers' Liability Bill is sound, it is quite possible that in its tedious progress through the House of Commons some contradictory or unreal applications of this principle may have found their way into it. To amend faults of this kind is one of the most useful functions that a Second Chamber can discharge, and it will be unfortunate if the delay in sending up the Bill should prevent its receiving careful and adequate criticism at the hands of the House of Lords.

#### CHINA.

AN article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. BOULGER, whose statements and opinions on any subject connected with Asia are sure to command general respect, gives a curious and interesting sketch of the present state of the vast Chinese Empire. Far from being dead or dying, China appears to be more alive than ever, and not only able to hold her own, but inclined to push herself forward, and regain what in times of greater debility she has lost. When the ancient wealth, the vast population, and the unconquerable pertinacity of China are taken into consideration, it is easy to see that she is in some respects the strongest and most formidable Power in the world. But what makes China especially interesting to us in the present day is that it and its attendant Empire of Japan present the only force of vigorous civilization on the globe which is not the force of Europe. If all Christendom is grouped together, and the populations directly affected by the notions of religion, government, and arts of Christendom are massed, and on the other side are placed China and Japan, we have two groups not very unequal in numbers, and each showing that human society can be highly organized under it, but presenting radical differences at every point with the rest of the world. In the third group, the Mahomedan Powers took the lead, but none of them present anything that can be called a living civilization. They have a power of coherence, due partly to fighting qualities and partly to a genuineness of religious belief, but they are all decaying, and are to a large degree dependent for their existence on the pleasure of the members of the first group. Their greatest vitality is in their least civilized elements. Albanians, Afghans, Arabs, Turkomans, and other wild people, are the most vigorous of modern Mahomedans. Such kingdoms as Siam and Burmah go on, but not in a manner to present anything like rivalry to Christian civilization. They and all the world, except China, are to us very much what the barbarians were to the Greeks. We may study them and trade with them and occasionally see reason for killing some of them, but we are always conscious, and so perhaps are they, that we are the superiors and they the inferiors. It is not so, and cannot be so, with China. A third of the human race, occupying one of the most favoured portions of the earth's surface, with a civilization that was old when ours began,

strongly cohering, animated by fixed principles and pertinaciously striving towards a fixed goal, is a phenomenon which nothing but egregious vanity or hopeless ignorance can despise. At present we have nothing to do but to study China so far as with our very imperfect information it is possible to study it. We cannot do the Chinese, nor can they do us, much harm or good. But their unique importance must continually arrest our attention with an increasing force. For they will press themselves on our notice, and the restless speculation and inquiry of Europe will be more and more attracted to the only sphere of human society where something is to be examined at once new, vast, vigorous, and unlike all to which we are accustomed.

The first thing to attend to in examining the present practice of China is the greatness of its recent military successes. The great rebellions in the centre, the south, and the west, have been suppressed. Kashgaria has been reconquered, and the border tribes have not only been witnesses of the new power of China, but have been reminded of the ancient ties which bind them to her. Vast tracts of country, depopulated during the civil wars, are being gradually allotted to colonists. The finances are satisfactory. The revenue reaches something like sixty millions sterling, and would, in the opinion of Mr. BOULGER, reach a hundred millions with a purer and more perfect administration, while at the same time the Chinese are the lightest taxed of all nations. The army falls little short of a million on paper, and may perhaps be able to furnish 200,000 effectives, and an equal number who are capable of being made effectives after some delay and practical experience. The Tartar troops, which are the real fighting part of the army, are provided with modern weapons either of the Berdan pattern or procured from the United States. A native arsenal supplies nearly, if not all, the ammunition required for the army, and although the small arms factory is not yet in working order, artillery of considerable calibre has been turned out. Armstrong forty-pounders, manufactured by Chinese hands, have been sent to supply the active army, and one-hundred-and-fifty pounders similarly constructed have been placed in the forts on the Peiho. In a very short time, Mr. BOULGER thinks, the new arsenal will have rendered China independent of the foreigner for munitions of war. A naval dockyard has also been established, and although at the outset the works were damaged by a typhoon, the Chinese are not the sort of people to be discouraged by an accident, and within ten years or so Mr. BOULGER prophesies that China will have an arsenal and shipyard rivalling anything we possess. The civil and military services need great reform, and there is much speculation in high quarters. China has to deplore exactly what Russia has been deploring so bitterly since the exposures consequent on the late war. Some steps towards reform have already been taken, the chief of which seems to have consisted in the promotion of officials on grounds other than that of literary merit. What Mr. BOULGER most insists on is the independence of China of foreign trade. Customs-duties add four millions annually to the national revenue, but these are only four millions added to sixty. China can supply itself with everything it wants in peace, and will soon be able to supply itself with everything it can want in war. For reasons which Mr. BOULGER does not think it necessary to disclose, the authorities of the Empire do not favour the introduction of railways, and Mr. BOULGER thinks they are right. He considers railways dangerous in China, and we can only wish he had thought it within his province to state why they are dangerous. He contents himself with remarking that railways are superfluous in a country which is traversed by a network of navigable rivers and possesses an excellent system of roads.

We naturally ask what this strong, rich, compact, warlike Power may be expected to do when it begins to feel its new strength and has made this strength assured. In the first place it will, Mr. BOULGER imagines, begin to treat all foreign Powers in a different way. It will not stop foreign trade, but it will try to regulate it after its own fashion. It will discuss all questions concerning this trade as an equal treating with equals. If, for example, it dislikes the opium trade, it will say so, and will insist that it shall stop. With England as the mistress of India, it will be slow to come into collision. It might be irritated by any extension of our Indian Empire in the direction of Burmah, and it already, Mr. BOULGER suspects, takes more

interest in the affairs of Nepal and Cashmere than is ordinarily supposed; but an invasion of India is far away from its thoughts, not only because the task would be hopeless, but because all races and creeds in India are united, if in nothing else, in detestation of the Chinese. Everything is different when we come to speak of Russia. War between Russia and China is, in the opinion of Mr. BOULGER, a matter of certainty. It may come this year, it may come next year, or it may not come for ten years. But it must come sooner or later. China will go to war with Russia as soon as it dares to do so. Every year it may expect to get stronger. It is already the equal, if not the superior, of Russia in financial strength. Although its army is not comparable as a whole to that of Russia, it could place, with much greater ease than Russia, large bodies of troops on the field of contest, which would be on the Chinese borders, and it will soon be able to provide all the stores of war it needs, so that Russia, if superior at sea, would have nothing to intercept. Above all, it would have the border tribes with it—secretly at first, and openly on the first gleam of success. Even if beaten at first, China might profit by its reverses, just as the internal rebellions have been suppressed by the discomfited provincials having at last learned to fight better than the rebels. Being thus in a condition to go to war with Russia, it will go to war because at a hundred points there is a cause of quarrel. Russia holds what China longs to regain. Russia has exacted concessions from China which China feels to be humiliating, deeply resents, and longs to annul. Whether all Mr. BOULGER's statements are accurate we do not pretend to have any independent means of judging. But every one who reads what he writes will own that he has the air of writing with care, with deliberation, and with a wish to get at the truth. And, if he is right, or nearly right, in his main contention, it is evident that the danger with which Russia is menaced on the side of China must form a most important element in the calculations of European policy.

#### THE FRENCH MARRIAGE LAW.

THE cruelty which the French law of marriage occasionally inflicts upon Englishwomen is strikingly illustrated in the case of Mme. DESAINTE. This unfortunate young woman was married in 1876 to a young Frenchman whom she no doubt believed to be of full age. In the eye of the English law he was so, for he was well over twenty-one. In the eye of the French law, however, he was still a minor, for he was only twenty-two. The marriage was a perfectly legal one according to English ideas. It was solemnized in church and after due publication of banns. Some three years later M. DESAINTE for the first time informed his father that he had a wife. At first the family do not seem to have made up their mind to dispute the validity of the marriage; but either they or the young man himself determined upon reflection that he would be happier single, and when Mme. DESAINTE went to Paris to claim her husband she was turned out of the house. The Civil Tribunal of the Seine has since set aside the marriage on the familiar ground that the husband was under five-and-twenty, and had not obtained the consent of his father and mother. A case of greater hardship cannot be imagined. A young woman suddenly discovers, after three years of married life and the birth of children, that, according to the law of her husband's country, he is no better than her seducer. That M. DESAINTE is destitute of the least shadow of honourable feeling does not need to be said; but, unluckily, there was no way open to Mme. DESAINTE of ascertaining his deficiency in this respect. A girl who allows herself to be seduced at least knows the risk she is running; but a girl who accepts an offer from a young man who, so far as she knows, is in all respects able to contract a valid marriage, has no reason to think that she is running any risk whatever. Her lover has apparently given her the accepted proof that he is in earnest. He has offered to marry her, and to take the burden of her support upon himself.

It is natural that when cases of this kind are made public there should be a good deal of outcry against the alleged absurdity of French law. Undoubtedly it is a question whether, in one respect, it might not be beneficially altered. When a young man goes into a foreign country and there contracts a marriage which by the law of

that country is a good marriage, we do not see why it should not be held valid in the country of the husband. If an opportunity should offer itself for a general revision of the European marriage law, this proposal might be very properly made to the French Government, and to the Government of any other country in which the conditions demanded for a valid marriage are more severe than those demanded in England. There is very little chance, however, that any such proposal would be accepted. It would be considered by French parents, and in a sense rightly considered, to be a wholly one-sided proposal. They have no desire to see their sons rendered more open than they already are to the attractions of designing young Englishwomen. They would rather hold that the reason for maintaining the French law as it applies with even greater force in England than it does in France. At home their sons are protected by many things besides the law; abroad the law is all that a parent has to trust to. At home his father and mother can to some extent look after him, and so far as marriage is concerned the relations of any young woman with whom he makes acquaintance are not likely to allow an intimacy which, if it is carried on against the wishes of his parents, can hardly bring a girl much happiness. Abroad he is out of his parents' sight, and the relations of any young woman for whom he may conceive a foolish passion do not know how important parental consent is in France, and are not disposed by habit and tradition to attach much importance to it for themselves. So long as the French law continues what it is, French parents are safe. If the worst comes to the worst, they can set a marriage aside. Without this protection they would never have an easy moment while their sons were abroad. They would never know of what imprudence they might not be guilty nor with what irremovable consequences their imprudence might not saddle them. We can hardly conceive a more unpopular measure as regards Frenchmen than one which proposed to make a marriage valid provided that it was so by the law of the country in which it was solemnized.

There are only two ways, therefore, in which Englishwomen can be protected against such a fate as that which has overtaken Mme. DESAINTE. One is to persuade the French that our marriage law is preferable to theirs. This undertaking would be even more hopeless than the attempt to alter the law as applicable to foreign marriages. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the French are in the least dissatisfied with the existing restrictions on early or clandestine marriages. When the *Times* urges M. DUMAS to "expose this incentive to the gratification of loose passions," it forgets that M. DUMAS knows his countrymen a great deal too well to do anything of the kind. The sorrows of the too-confiding young woman who marries a young man of two-and-twenty, without so much as thinking whether he has parents or not, do not lend themselves to M. DUMAS's purpose. The question of divorce suggests innumerable situations which can be turned to account by an academician who is at once a dramatist, a novelist, and a moralist with a turn for writing pamphlets. In a deserted wife such a writer would see nothing calculated to fix his readers' attention. Nor is it safe to assume too easily that the French law is in itself a bad one. The mischiefs of precipitate and imprudent marriages are often bewailed in this country. There is no doubt that precipitate and imprudent marriages are very greatly kept in check by the law which renders the consent of parents necessary to a valid marriage until twenty-five. It may seem very shocking to Englishmen that a young man of twenty-four should be still in bondage to his father and mother in a matter so important as marriage. But, when a young man of twenty-four makes a fool of himself by marrying some young woman of whom it is easy to foresee that he will probably grow tired before the year is out, it is not quite so plain that the French law is mistaken in making such unions practically impossible. At all events, there is not the slightest chance that the French public will see the merits of the English system. They are accustomed to their own law, and the only class to whom it can be irksome are very young men and women—a class which, powerful as it may be in many directions, has not much influence on legislation.

As there is no chance of the French consenting to alter their marriage law to meet a hardship which they do not

recognize and are rather anxious to see maintained, the only way in which young Englishwomen can be protected is by some modification in the law of their own country. There is no need to go the length of holding a marriage invalid which has heretofore been held to be valid. That would not make the position of young women like Mme. DESAINTE any more endurable than it is, supposing them to be already in it, while it would be more than is required in order to save them from unwittingly placing themselves in that position. Supposing that the official to whom M. DESAINTE applied for the publication of banns had been bound on learning his nationality to inquire whether he was over twenty-five, and in the event of his being under that age to demand the same evidence of parental consent that would have been demanded in France, it is probable either that the necessary consent would have been obtained or that the marriage would never have taken place. At all events, Miss BELGRAVE would have been protected against everything but that against which no law can give complete protection—deliberate lying. M. DESAINTE might have represented himself as older than he was—though even this might be obviated by requiring documentary evidence of age, or he might have forged his parents' consent, but these are not precisely the acts of an ardent young lover who is eager to make an imprudent marriage, and against such acts all laws are for the moment powerless. The fact that the protection to be afforded to young Englishwomen cannot be made theoretically complete is no reason for not making it sufficiently so to meet the great majority of cases.

#### VISITING JUSTICES AND THE PRISON COMMISSIONERS.

UNEXPECTED questions turn up in Committee of Supply, and on Monday the House of Commons found itself engaged in a discussion of the principle not of a Bill which it is proposed to pass this Session, but of an Act which was passed some Sessions ago. It is difficult nowadays to say which of the many novel expedients resorted to by members of Parliament who wish to distinguish themselves in the byways of public business is the most inconvenient; but the course taken by Mr. MAGNIAC with regard to the salaries of the prison Commissioners may certainly claim a high place on the list. This gentleman is possibly under the impression that he exercised heroic self-denial in not moving the reduction of the vote by the amount of these salaries. He would have done so, he said, had the vote been reached earlier, but in consideration of the period of the Session he graciously waived his right and allowed the vote to pass. Unfortunately he did not at the same time waive his right to make the speech which would have accompanied his motion, so that as far as the consumption of time went the gain resulting from this forbearance was merely nominal. Few things could be more absurd than the spectacle of the House of Commons on the 16th of August debating a suggestion that the salaries of a body of officials appointed under an Act of Parliament, for the discharge of duties of very high importance, should be withheld from them because Mr. MAGNIAC is of opinion that the Act of Parliament which appoints them should never have been passed. On this theory there is really no limit to the questions which may fairly be raised in Supply. If Mr. MAGNIAC's example is followed, we may expect to see Mr. RICHARD moving the disestablishment of the Church under cover of a proposal to pay no more salaries to the bishops. The commonsense view of these questions used to be that, when an official was appointed by Act of Parliament, and paid by the Treasury, you either repealed the Act of Parliament or voted his salary as a matter of course. On Mr. MAGNIAC's plan every institution of the country may be challenged, not on its merits, but on the vote to defray its expenses. It is difficult, no doubt, to define the exact limits within which it should be permissible to debate the question whether the salary of an official shall continue to be paid to him; but it is safe to say that it ought not to be done simply as a mode of discussing whether the office he holds shall be maintained.

Mr. MAGNIAC's speech showed, as might have been expected, a radical misconception of the question which he had thus dragged in by the head and shoulders. The

Prison Commissioners, he said, had been appointed by the Government on the plea that as the Government paid the cost they were entitled to control the expenditure. This version of the matter states but a very small part of the case in support of the Prisons Act. It is true that the Government, being perpetually asked by the local authorities to take some burden or other off the rates, were glad to find a payment which they could make themselves. In this way they hoped to avoid the extravagance which is so apt to grow up when money is raised by one set of persons and spent by another. But there was a far more weighty reason than this for transferring the control of prisons from the local to the central authority. So long as the Visiting Justices determined how prisoners should be treated, there was a constant tendency to variation. No two gaols were alike in this respect. In one prison hard labour meant the crank or the treadmill; in another, it meant a little light industrial employment, such as befits an amateur with time on his hands. In one prison solitary confinement was a reality; in another it was merely a name for mutual intercourse, made more enjoyable by futile attempts to suppress it. In one prison the regulations were lenient and the dietary fairly liberal; in another the regulations were strict and the dietary limited and monotonous. Much may, no doubt, be said in favour of each of these opposite methods of dealing with criminals, and the advocates of leniency and severity respectively seem no nearer an agreement than they were ten years ago. But, however the controversy may in the end be settled, there can, one would think, be no doubt as to the propriety of adopting the same method in all prisons. Whatever may be the character of the discipline in force, it should at all events be uniform. If it be not uniform there can be no such thing as fairness of punishment. When a man in Lancashire and a man in Dorsetshire are sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for identical offences, the object of the Legislature certainly is that, having been equally guilty, they should be equally punished. But, if the Lancashire justices take one view of prison discipline and the Dorsetshire justices another, there can be no such thing as equality of punishment. The quantity of the imprisonment is the same in the two cases, but its quality is altogether different. This absurdity was got rid of by making the Prison Commissioners, not the Visiting Justices, the managers of prisons. The same end might perhaps have been attained by establishing a uniform code of prison discipline and leaving the Visiting Justices a merely administrative authority. It was every way better, however, that the management of prisons should not be of too routine and machine-like a character. We have no right to feel sure that the last word has been spoken upon any of the disputed points of prison discipline, and so long as there is a body of Commissioners in existence charged with the duty of watching the effect produced on the prisoners by this or that treatment there will always be room for reconsideration. All that is wanted is that the best lights that can be had for the time being shall be the lights employed in prison administration. If the Commissioners see reason to doubt the efficacy of severity, by all means let them try the experiment of lenity. If they are convinced that lenity is mistaken, by all means let them return to severity. But for the time being severity or lenity should be the rule, not in one prison but in all. The thief who is sentenced at one Quarter Sessions should know that he may expect precisely the same punishment as the thief who is sentenced at another Quarter Sessions. It may be expedient from time to time to try experiments in Prison Discipline, but they should be experiments directed to the discovery of the best method of treating all prisoners, not to the gratification of individual fancies on the part of this or that bench of Visiting Justices.

At the same time it should not be forgotten that Visiting Justices have still a very useful function to fulfil. The Commissioners of Prisons are like other men in this, that they will probably do their work all the better for doing it under external supervision. It is well that they should know what the world thinks of their acts, and how their method of dealing with prisoners commends itself to men of ordinary intelligence outside the office. The Visiting Justices can, if they choose, do the prison Commissioners this service. They are the persons best qualified to criticize prison administration, because they have a real

knowledge of much that relates to it, and the immense variety of view which prevents them from being a good administrative body makes them an admirable critical body. From this point of view even crotchets are not to be despised. They may have a germ of sense lying hid somewhere about them, which, when discovered and separated from the nonsense with which it is associated, may convey a valuable suggestion or a necessary warning. Nor is this the only use to which Visiting Justices may be turned. It is not enough that the Commissioners should administer prisons wisely; they should also be known to administer prisons wisely. The public are always ready to listen to stories about prison cruelty, because they know how much room prison life must give for cruelty. The relation of warder and warded is necessarily one in which the one has very great power, and the other next to none, and the only way in which any check can be kept on the exercise of this power is by giving the prisoners adequate opportunity of making complaint. The visits of the Commissioners are too rare for this purpose, and the prisoners probably regard them as in league with the warders. The Visiting Justices have the advantage of being entirely independent of the prison authorities, and, if they are satisfied, the public will feel that the best possible precautions against prison abuses have been taken. If they are not satisfied, there is the Home Office and Parliament to appeal to, and Visiting Justices are usually men who have considerable power of making their remonstrances heard in either of these quarters.

#### AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE time of year is at hand when the armies of the principal European Powers will, in default of finding employment against each other, be actively engaged in the exchange of amicable hostilities among themselves. The gathering in of harvest leaves the field free for "autumn manœuvres." In Russia numerous corps convened from a vast area will be gathered in such masses as would have delighted a general of the Napoleonic time. In Germany the congregation of soldiers will be more select than numerous, and the expectation of "getting a wrinkle," and the certainty of seeing the nearest possible imitation of actual war will attract to the theatre of manœuvre a host of experts, critics, special correspondents, and sight-seers. In Italy, the precision and completeness of the German system will be represented with a fair degree of imitation, though perhaps, as in former years, the inevitable admixture of superior with much inferior military stuff in the intense desire to display numbers may give to experienced outsiders an impression that the machine, on the whole, is weak and unequal, and scarcely calculated to bear any violent strain. In Austria, immense advances have been made on all sides, and if the South Germans are still not on a level of proficiency with their northern brethren, there is always a good deal to be learned by those English officers who attend their manœuvres. Austria, moreover, is the country before all others where our officers are made cordially welcome, where they are sure of meeting brother officers who are thorough gentlemen, excellent soldiers, and agreeable comrades, and where they have the power of doing not a little in friendly companionship towards strengthening those ties which traditionally unite the two countries, and which it should be the duty as it is the interest of every British Administration to unite yet closer. Of France we shall treat at greater length further on.

With regard to Russia, we know from the reports of last year's proceedings that, however much the pride and ambition of army leaders were gratified by the visible improvement in tactical proficiency effected in the large bodies under their command, they were not unconscious of the clear superiority shown by their German rivals in all that relates to the conduct of peace manœuvres. From the conduct of these to those of real campaigning there is but a step, as matters are understood in Germany. Of what other country can the same be said? The late war revealed to the Russian Government the shortcomings of its military administration, the imperfection of its armaments, the tactical misapprehensions of its generals and superior officers, and the utter unreadiness of the army generally, had it been called upon to meet troops instructed and manœuvred after the modern German method. Not that the Russians had not made a note of Sedan, and taken warning by Sedan, but they had only half learned the lessons these should have conveyed, and when war broke out with Turkey the extent of their own deficiencies took them by surprise. They are now busily engaged in making up for lost time, and though their progress does not appear to be rapid, and the machine seems by comparison somewhat unwieldy, yet it must be remembered that this machine is of portentous dimensions. To note in a passing phrase something of the difficulty obstructing the path of reform, we must consider over what a vast area, traversed by what indifferent communications, a comprehensive scheme of army reform

coming from the St. Petersburg War Office has to work. We must remember how it must permeate through a thousand channels, and we must take account of the friction to be overcome from first to last, from the establishment of the new system of recruitment and organization, the necessity of educating the exceptionally dense ignorance of masses of peasant soldiery, of penetrating the obstructive unintelligence of an immense body of officers brought up in the old creeds, and of setting in array great armies thoroughly versed in the new tactics. Looking at the matter in this light, it seems reasonable to infer that many years must yet elapse before Russia can be regarded in the light of Germany, Austria, and perhaps France, as a possibly aggressive Power of the first order. It is for many reasons interesting and important that we should understand how the autumn manoeuvres are conducted in France, whether on the German system or on one improvised by the French themselves. It is not an indisputable fact, as so many people seem to think, that the German system is the only one to be followed with advantage. The Germans have arrived at an extraordinary degree of administrative and executive perfection, so that we may almost say they prepare for and make war by machinery. But we must remember that the genius of the nation has always tended in this direction. They were always drill-masters, always inclined to be pedants and machine drivers. The last great wars showed to what a perfection the machine had been brought, and what grand use might be made of it by leaders of pre-eminent ability. All this is true; but we have yet to see how matters would turn out were the able leaders on the opposite side; and we have yet to see how the machinery would stand the friction of reverses. We know that the elaborate drill-system of both Austrians and Prussians was shattered when it came in contact with the genius of Napoleon; and we are disposed to believe that a Napoleon would not now more than then allow himself to be chained to the wheels of any system whatever. What we really need in England is not the adoption of German methods, but the practical and intelligent application of those we have framed to suit a different organization. If our brigades and battalions were taken out twice a month into the country (wherever feasible), intelligently and systematically exercised in attack and defence, and practised in entrenching—which they never are—we should have no occasion for perpetually amending our field exercise regulations. We do not think battles are won because companies are two hundred and fifty strong, but they may very likely be won if we know how to manage our small companies. Battles are not won because captains of companies of two hundred and fifty men are left a certain initiative, nor are battles lost because captains of companies of seventy men are not called upon with so limited a number to exercise that amount of initiative. The German system is to give responsibility into the hands of leaders of large companies; ours is to give the direction of several small companies united in a half-battalion to the major of that wing. What seems to us to be required is that our system should be worked out in practice; not that the captains should be wondering what amount of initiative they are credited with, and the major hesitating whether and when it is his business to put in a word. But this is what at present we do see; and this leads to continual misapprehensions, the confusion of which is increased by an adjutant flying about with orders from the colonel to individual captains. When a regiment is operating by half-battalions the colonel becomes virtually a brigadier, and it is not his business to lead companies. Any one, however, who has witnessed field days at Aldershot may often see not only lieutenant-colonels commanding regiments, but even the generals mixing themselves up with the direction of companies. If we systematically worked out our own theories as the Germans do theirs in all their detail, we should have fewer lamentations over our antiquated tactics, and fewer prognostications of what dreadful things will happen "if we are ever pitted against European troops."

The principles on which autumn manoeuvres should be conducted are in France and Germany theoretically identical. They have been laid down in black and white, and the wording of the French regulations is so similar throughout to the German, that it is plain the French could discover no more likely way to success than that of following as closely as possible in their rivals' footsteps. In one case, however, they have swerved from the beaten track, and have permitted themselves to start a little theory of their own. The theory is comprised in the last dozen words of a short paragraph. It is laid down that manoeuvres between opposing forces—(a *double action*)—may be carried out in one of two ways—either a certain initiative may be left to the chiefs, or else the situations of the campaign and the alternations of the combats may be settled beforehand. The regulations, it is perceived, leave it optional which course shall be adopted. On the other hand, in Germany it is distinctly laid down that it is impossible to legislate for the shifting conditions and accidents of a campaign, and to prescribe the course which a battle shall take:—"It is out of the question," says Marshal Moltke, "to calculate with any precision the sequences in a campaign beyond the first meeting with the mass of the opposing force. Only a stranger to the military art fancies he detects in the various phases of a campaign the execution in all its detail of a plan laid out from the commencement, and followed undeviatingly to the end."

Since in Germany the utility of peace manoeuvres between opposing armies is recognized in proportion as these resemble the realities of war, everything is done to lend them reality. It is

laid down that, when once a general plan has been communicated to the rival leaders and a rendezvous given, nothing shall be told them as to their line of action in any of those circumstances in which, if it was real war, their conduct would have to depend on their own judgment and inspiration. So that in the peace manoeuvres that element is introduced which is ever present in war—the element of uncertainty. And thus the generals not only acquire the habit of controlling large bodies of men in all kinds of situations, but are called upon for frequent exercise of moral and intellectual qualities of no mean order. Again, the cardinal consideration in the Prussian system being the perfecting of the infantry tactical unit, the company, the manoeuvres are intended to afford those important personalities on the battlefield, the company captains, the opportunity of balancing their initiative with their responsibility, their power of separate action with the necessity of harmonizing for a common object. This is simply the logical result of the development of individual importance in the lower grades down to and including the private soldier owing to the introduction of arms of precision. We no longer talk of columns and masses—of which three parts were helpless both in attack and defence—being hurled against positions. The arm, the intelligence of each soldier is important now. We have only to think of the possible area of action covered by a company of two hundred and fifty men armed with the best breechloaders to see what power is now placed in the hands of the leader, and how necessary it is that his initiative should be on a par with his responsibility.

And now comes the question of what they are doing in France. Do they, according to their own regulations, allow generals of opposing armies complete latitude of action, or do they take advantage of the little paragraph quoted above to air the theory of fighting battles in a series of moves and counter-moves arranged beforehand? The answer to the question may be found in an admirable article by M. Amédée le Faure, in the *Nouvelle Revue* of October 1 of last year. "Since 1874," he says, "there have been manoeuvres every year in four or five army corps. In every one of these twenty manoeuvres the course of action has been determined on beforehand, down to the smallest details." Under these circumstances it is needless to pursue the question and inquire what initiative is allowed to inferior commanders. It must be a surprising intelligence which foresees all the chances of battle; for not only is it settled who is to be victor, but also that if anything does turn up which in actual war would rob the victor of his victory, such obstacle is to be treated of no account, or considered non-existent. If it has been laid down that such and such a village is to be assaulted, and taken by a couple of companies, the capture is to come about—no matter if in the teeth of a brigade with a formidable artillery which may happen to be in occupation. "But the brigade should not have been there," some one may say. It is a sufficient answer to reply, "But it *was* there." M. Le Faure states positively that on one occasion a general officer, perceiving that a battalion commander was throwing back two or three companies to ward off a possible sudden irruption of cavalry from behind the screen of a wood, dashed up at a gallop and exclaimed, "Now, you know well the enemy is about to surprise your left, and with what you are doing you will spoil all!" *You will spoil all!* The general was, however, quite right; the least exhibition of initiative, and, we may add, common sense, would of course destroy combinations devised on a kind of sliding scale of probabilities and without reference to possibilities of accident. In our manoeuvres at home curious tactical feats are sometimes accomplished; but we never remember to have seen any so curious as one mentioned by M. Le Faure (and he says instances of like absurdities might be indefinitely multiplied), where two long lines of infantry were blazing into each other's faces at thirty paces, while a regiment of cavalry filed between them on its way to deliver a charge against a distant position on the flank! And of course, had the charge not been delivered, it would have spoiled all. The duty of the umpires, which in the German method becomes of so much importance, is by the French system reduced to an absurdity. And, in fact, this is so generally recognized, that though officers are deputed to act as umpires they are rarely, if ever, seen in the field.

What becomes then of the grand idea, which permeates the French as it does the German theory, that the manoeuvres should present the "most faithful picture possible of real war"? What possible advantage is to be derived by any one who takes part in this elaborate dovetailing of movements? Does the general obtain experience in the handling of his divisions? Has he room for the exercise of judgment in unforeseen circumstances when all has been provided for? Do the company leaders learn to distinguish between a hardy initiative and daring the impossible when liable to be called on to refrain from desirable action or to act in the teeth of probability? And do the quick-witted French soldiers acquire confidence in their officers when they see them treated like dummies and perpetrating every kind of folly? Not the least harm resulting from a radically false system is the effect which the continually recurring absurdities produce upon all concerned. M. Le Faure says that the manoeuvres come to be looked on as a farce; officers for the most part look upon the absurdities enacted as a joke, though a few preserve an expressive silence, while some are indignant at having to fill ridiculous situations, and all ask what sort of preparation is this for war, and what sort of generals is this parody of war likely to produce?

It would be interesting to know to what cause should be

attributed this strange state of things, that the permissive enactment conveyed in a short paragraph of a volume of regulations should have been taken advantage of by all, from the War Minister downwards, for the purpose of acting in direct opposition to the entire spirit of those regulations? First, we agree with M. Le Faure, the French as yet but imperfectly apprehend that the dominant characteristic of modern war is its decentralizing tendency. "Nous ne comprenons pas que la décentralisation militaire est forcée. Alors que les troupes sont éparpillées sur le champ de bataille, sans lien apparent entre elles, nous nous obstinons encore à voir l'armée concentrée dans la main de son chef, comme dans les actions d'autrefois." A second reason is not far to seek when we remember the tendency of French officialism and authority in every profession and department of military and civil life to *surveiller* the inferior grades as though they were just objects of suspicion, and to compass them about with minute precautions and restrictions. The system may be seen at work in every college and school throughout the country, in merchants' offices, at railway stations. A French friend of ours once remarked to the station-master of a large French railway station upon the superiority of the English system of allowing travellers to move about freely, instead of shutting them up as they do in France like sheep in a pen. "Mais, Monsieur," replied the official, evidently taking our friend for an Englishman, "vous ne connaissez pas les Français, ils se jetteraient partout!" And that is exactly what the authorities dread—that if any power of initiative were given to commanders of inferior grades, the troops would "be all over the place." A third reason may perhaps be found in the uncertainty which is felt as to the amount of progress realized in the instruction of each arm under a condition of things in great part experimental—on several important tactical questions there is much divergence of opinion both at home and abroad—so that a natural hesitation has arisen as to what amount of theory may be accepted as proved. While the Germans have had the experience of success to warrant their going hardily forward, the French have only the recollection of miserable failure; and it is not to be wondered at if they argue that what may be very suitable for Germans, may not be equally so for others whose genius, traditions, and character are widely different. We argue in much the same way at home. However much force there may be in this line of contention, there can be no manner of doubt as to the faultiness of a system which revolts the intelligence of all who follow it. The attempt to give logical development to every phase of a campaign or battle has been thoroughly tried, with the result of exposing alike its inutility and unsoundness. We believe General de Gallifet has had the hardihood lately to introduce in his own army corps measures tending to give greater reality to manoeuvres which are intended to represent the realities of conflict; but such measures, when they involve an entire change of system, should be set on foot from above; and it is not too much to say that the whole army is waiting impatiently in the hope of obtaining at last from that arsenal of routine and pedantry—the War Office—some concessions to the general demand for reform.

#### THE WOES OF THE LORDS.

**B**ETWEEN Lord Granville and Mr. Cremer the House of Lords must be acknowledged to be in a very bad way. The Foreign Secretary blandly refuses to give it anything to do; the probable representative of the Amalgamated Somethings protests against its activity. To the spirited resolutions of Mr. Cremer and his friends it is possible that the Lords need not pay any great attention. "The little tower with no such ease is won"; and we are afraid that Mr. Cremer and Admiral Maxse and Sir John Bennett may, in the words of another poet, "Resolve and re-resolve and die the same"—that is to say, under the same monstrous regiment of hereditary peers. For the point which strikes the excellent Mr. Cremer as an outrage on common sense—the hereditary constitution of the House—happens to be just the point which all reasonable people who have read history know to be the one of value. It is true that we live in remarkable times, and there is no knowing what folly the thirty and odd millions, mostly fools, may commit when a smaller number of influential knaves have managed to organize them. But organization is a game that two can play at, and Mr. Cremer has not the monopoly of resolving. Before the House of Lords disappears several things will certainly happen, and among those things the cracking of several crowns is probable. Let us hope that at least the exterior of the crowns of the good persons who mustered on Wednesday night at the Westminster Palace Hotel will long continue uncracked. The roll-call of their names does not, it must be confessed, suggest that the Democrats of the future will reverence the proceedings of Wednesday night along with the Grütli meeting and the Tennis Court oath. With one remarkable exception (and that a man who has done nothing but point a moral and adorn a tale about throwing away chances and making abilities worthless), the meeting was composed of simple nobodies, and though an imposing list of persons who rank just above nobodies expressed sympathy with its objects, they carefully abstained from appearing at it.

The polite duel between Lord Redesdale and Lord Granville, on the supply of work furnished to the Lords, is a subject which has a good deal more importance, and perhaps it might have been

treated rather less jauntily than Lord Granville treated it. It is only fair, however, to remember that there are many excuses for the Foreign Secretary. A mild revenge for the unpleasant figure he was made to cut when the Disturbance Bill was carried against him by a majority which would have been sufficient if it had been limited to those of his own political way of thinking, is humanly speaking, fairly permissible to him. Besides, it cannot fail to be borne strongly in upon Lord Granville's amiable mind that he is the only member of the whole Government who is allowed, or who allows himself, to make a joke. Most of the present Ministry, to do them justice, are wholly incapacitated by nature from the commission of this crime, and Sir William Harcourt, who might have been expected to be fertile in quips and cranks, has been grimly and ferociously in earnest since he was turned out of Oxford. A man who is always conspiring with Mr. Bright how to have the blood of some Tory has no time for polished witticisms. Besides, joking is the natural weapon of the minority, and Lord Granville occupies the position of leader of the minority beyond all doubt and question in the House of Lords. So he requests Lord Grey playfully to "convert him," and he is merry with Lord Redesdale on the recurrence of the latter's anxiety at the end of each Session for some reasonable adjustment of the work of the Upper House. Lord Redesdale, it seems, is of a different opinion as to the regularity of his proceeding, but it is not very easy to see that even if Lord Granville were correct in his facts, the reply would have been a particularly conclusive one. Because the majority of Governments are in the habit of mismanaging the public business, it is not extremely obvious as a consequence that any particular Government is justified in mismanaging it still more. It must be confessed, too, that the particular way in which, since Mr. Gladstone's illness, the business of the House of Commons has been managed has been decidedly remarkable. It would seem to others besides Lord Redesdale, that the enforced idleness of the Peers for the last fortnight, and the crush of work which will descend upon them in the ordinary course of things next week or the week after, are not so entirely fortuitous or unavoidable as Lord Granville makes out. The Government have for some days past been driving their horses abreast in a very curious manner in the Lower House. A little bit of Hares and Rabbits one day has been followed by a little bit of Employers' Liability the next, and then a slice of Supply has been sandwiched with the Indian Budget. The result of all this proceeding is that all the measures which the Lords have to consider will come upon them in a lump, so that proper discussion—let alone alterations which would have to come down again to the Commons—would be absolutely impossible. Ministers' exceptional privilege of going at once into Supply on Mondays only accounts for the Employers' Liability Bill having been taken on that day instead of on Wednesday, with the result of its getting up to the Lords three days earlier, and when their hands were completely empty. These were obvious tactics, but it was natural that Lord Redesdale and other Peers, who have no superstitious veneration for a very modern rule of the House of Commons, should be indignant at a muddle of which this one incident is a very inadequate explanation. The long letter which Lord Grey has addressed to his neighbour expresses this indignation generally, though most of it is devoted to the Hares and Rabbits Bill, which is known to be the special object of Lord Grey's aversion. It is not likely that the vials of Lord Grey's wrath will produce much effect, either on the Foreign Secretary or on his colleagues. They have pledged themselves, as a piece of brag, to do about twice as much work in the present Session as they ought to have attempted, and their immense majority in the Lower House enables them to carry out their pledge if they choose and as they choose. The slight and inconvenience inflicted upon the House of Lords has very much the air of being an arrow out of Mr. Gladstone's own quiver. That eminent statesman has always had a healthy sense of the principle that it is necessary *ὁπάσωντι παθεῖν*, and a healthy readiness to make himself the instrument of the retaliatory suffering. The Lords are wicked men, and have thrown out a good Bill. *Ergo*, things ought to be made very unpleasant for them; and it is a capital way of making things unpleasant for them to keep them idling in town in the latter end of August, and then suddenly to set them to an impossible amount of work. On Thursday Sir William Harcourt tried in his more humble sphere to improve upon his leader's example, by suggesting that after Supply was done, and the Hares and Rabbits Bill sent to a better place, the House of Commons could compress all remaining business, Burials Bill included, besides Indian Budget, Ballot and other expiring law, and many other matters into the odd hours of the few days assigned to the Appropriation Bill.

Outsiders, however, may perhaps be allowed to regard the punishment of the House of Lords, the satisfaction of Mr. Gladstone's sense of justice, the provision of occasions of mild joking for Lord Granville, or even the obtaining by the Ministry of the triumph of passing a bumper programme, as not exactly the points to be chiefly looked to. Strange as it may appear to Mr. Cremer, there are persons not on the whole wanting in common sense who regard the discussions of practical matters in a Second Chamber, and especially in such a Second Chamber as the House of Lords, as peculiarly valuable. To these persons it seems that the importance of such a discussion has immensely increased by the recent changes in the constitution of the House of Commons. When that House was almost wholly composed of relations and nominees of peers or of country gentlemen, who differed from peers simply in not possessing the title, the revision of the House of Lords may have been less obviously use-

ful. Now, when our Parliaments consist in the Lower House of a considerable number of mere carpet-baggers, or, worse still, of delegates of local wirepulling associations, the criticism of the Lords is more valuable than ever. But it is evident that, in order to obtain it, proper time must be given for discussion. The plan of wheeling barrowfuls of measures into the House of Lords on the very eve of the closing of the Session, may be convenient for party reasons; it certainly is not convenient for the national interests. Nor did Lord Granville deign to show any cause against Lord Redesdale's demand why more measures were not originally introduced in the Lords. It is said that when this plan is adopted the Commons are sure to make so many amendments that the measure goes up again to the Lords practically as a new Bill; but this can be only when the Government is not intelligent enough to know its own mind, or strong enough to stick to it. On the other hand, the business aptitude of the House of Lords is so considerable, and its healthy dislike of mere talk so strong, that it may be trusted to give complicated measures the inevitable licking into shape in far less time than the Lower House, and generally in a more workmanlike manner. These sentiments would doubtless make Mr. Cremer's hair stand on end, but they are not the less justified by facts. Indeed, the intelligent gentlemen who met at the Westminster Palace Hotel—a poor substitute for the picturesquely named "Hole-in-the-Wall" of some years ago, which had a fine flavour of refuge from aristocratic tyranny—seem to have been not very clear as to their own intentions. Their chairman is said to have accused the House of Commons of obstructing as well as the House of Lords of mutilating and burking, so we suppose the House of Commons is to be abolished too. Sir John Bennett referred his hearers to Germany as a noble instance of a self-governing country; and if Sir John and his friends envy the construction which self-government has put upon liberty in Germany, there is of course nothing to be said. Mr. A. F. Robbins was enabled to state on the authority of Shelley that "we are many, they are few," which certainly is an encouraging and possibly an instructive fact, but seems to have little reference to the question. The citizens of Birmingham are many and the Six Hundred are few, yet Mr. Robbins would doubtless shudder at any one who should speak disrespectfully of the Six Hundred in consequence. Mr. Nias of Chelsea "would not give a fig for any reform of the House of Lords, but would sweep it away, the foundation being rotten," an insult calculated to make the blue blood of effete aristocrats rise to their withered cheeks. But of all these patriots we think that on the whole we prefer Dr. Pope of Sutton. There are many Suttons in England, and we do not know which of them enjoys the unspeakable advantage of being doctored by Dr. Pope. But the learned Doctor's grasp of political argument is surprising. We are, he said, "governed by Queen, Lords, and Commons; now two out of the three bodies were hereditary which was hardly fair." In short, as Mr. Weller observed of unduly watered grog, it was "unequal." It is exceedingly difficult to remedy Dr. Pope's complaints; for it is clear that if Her Majesty or the Lords were to cease to be hereditary, there would be two non-hereditary bodies, and that again "would be hardly fair." Perhaps if Dr. Pope would consider the favourite catch about the three estates of the realm his equanimity might be restored. We should imagine that Dr. Pope considers those three estates to be Crown, Lords, and Commons. But if he will accept the correct explanation, he will at once perceive that, while the Crown and the peers are hereditary, the Commons and the Bishops are not. Thus we have two for two, a result which ought to be infinitely comforting to Dr. Pope of Sutton. It need not be said that among all these follies we look in vain for the slightest evidence of any comprehension of the real historical and political bearings of the matter on the part of any speaker. Perhaps this was not to be expected. But it might have been expected that a Government which itself contains a considerable number of peers, might have been somewhat more alive to the value of the House of Lords, and somewhat more anxious to get its value out of it than is the case with the Government which Lord Granville represents. The expectation, however, has not been fulfilled, and until a year of sense comes round again to the average English elector it will probably remain unfulfilled.

#### THE TOWER AS A SHOW.

SOME of the daily papers during the past week have contained complaints of the way in which visitors are shown over the Tower. One gentleman, an American, even notices the unintelligent explanations of the warder to whose guidance he entrusted himself. It is true that the explanations given by one beefeater exceed those of another in stupidity, but it does not follow that either is very stupid. The American must have been peculiarly unfortunate, for we have heard of an enthusiastic Tower-haunter who, having visited the Tower upwards of twenty times, asserts that he has never met an unintelligent beefeater. The cause of the complaint may be that, not the warder, but the arrangement of the visitor's route, is stupid. If it were possible, visitors should be divided into two classes, those who want to do the sights in the Tower, or, as it used to be called, before the menagerie was removed, "the lions"; and those who want to see the Tower itself, to study its fabric, to survey its fortifications, and to endeavour by the pursuit of archaeological inquiry to answer some of the problems which remain unsolved as to the architecture—the masonry in particular

—of all periods of English history. It would not be easy, perhaps, to allow this privilege to every one; but it should be a recognized thing, and intelligent Americans should be aware of the possibility of obtaining a roving order of admission. Meanwhile we cannot protest too strongly against the proposal to make the Tower a mere museum. One of the most interesting things in a visit is the fact constantly presented to the mind that the Tower is still what it has always been, a fort in actual occupation. By no means the least interesting of the sights is that of the troops drilling on the parade ground, and of the armourers working in the stores. The continuity of the history is remarkable. As in the days of Gundulph and Flambard, as in the days of Edward III. and Henry V., so too in those of Queen Victoria, there is a garrison in the Queen's Tower "near London." To make the Tower a mere museum would be to destroy a great deal of this kind of association. That the defences of the Tower are, from a military point of view, worth little, makes it the more desirable that strangers and pilgrims from foreign countries should be permitted to walk round the outer walls; to inspect the recently uncovered remains of the Cradle Tower and some other bastions at the south-east corner; to examine those small portions of the masonry of the White Tower, which were spared at the "restoration" by Wren, and which, till lately concealed, have now, by the removal of a modern building, been open to view. Several years ago we called attention to the difficulty of obtaining an adequate idea of the architecture of the Council Chamber and other apartments in the Keep, and complained of the elaborate scheme of mystification to which the visitor was subjected in making his first entrance into the body of the building through a window, without any idea that the so-called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury was the crypt of the Chapel of St. John above.

To some extent anomalies like this have been remedied. The crypt of St. John is no longer falsified by mock mouldings in painted wood—mouldings which went, if they were considered genuine, to disprove the truth of Mr. Clark's assertion that no Norman zig-zag exists in the Tower. The room in question has been cleared out, and the window by which entrance was obtained has been restored to its original condition. The so-called prison of Sir Walter Raleigh is seen to consist of an arched opening, without any moulding or decoration; and access is possible to a second and still lower crypt. Although it is not very interesting to any one but a thorough-paced antiquary, it is perhaps a pity that this portion of the building is no longer shown. The removal of the annexed part on the eastern side is another alteration of very doubtful propriety. A building certainly existed here so long ago as the time of Elizabeth; it enclosed a narrow court, and was originally constructed, it is said, by Edward III., but had been of late years so completely altered that little remained which was not altogether modern. It has been cleared away, and one curious discovery has been made by this means. It is found that Roman brick has been used to a considerable extent in the foundations, and on a recent occasion its existence in this place was quoted as a proof of the truth of the absurd story that the Tower was built by the Romans. We must remember that two bastions of the city wall—that wall which had been erected under the Constantines and probably but little altered or repaired before the time of the Conqueror—were destroyed to make room for a portion at least of the foundations of the White Tower. It is obvious that, as the Normans had no objection to use the old material, a moment's examination of the supposed Roman building betrays the fact that, though the bricks are Roman, the mortar is Norman. We can never now determine how much of the ground upon which William built his castle is artificial. It is however, on record, and is not to be doubted, that he planted it absolutely across the city wall, and took into its precincts a small portion of the south-east corner of the City. To do this he rendered the City defences—those defences, that is to say, that the City could turn against the King—of little use, and although he did not absolutely violate the privileges which he had promised to "William the Bishop, and Geoffrey the port-reeve," he formed for himself a key which at any time he could turn in the lock. The eastern part of the Tower precinct, however, lay and lies wholly outside the City boundary. The land was probably already the property of the King as foreshore; and even if it was not left dry at every low tide, the earthworks and the ditch soon reclaimed it from the bed of the Thames. At a later time the ground still further to the east was gradually reclaimed and became the site of St. Catherine's Hospital. Strangely enough, as St. Catherine's Dock, it is now once more in its original amphibious condition. The question has sometimes been raised as to whether the Tower is in London or Middlesex, but from what has just been noted it would appear plainly that it is in both.

All such investigations as we have spoken of are, under the present arrangements for showing the Tower, entirely out of the question. The visitor is conducted through the Middle and Byward Towers to the gate in the Garden Tower, and thence without a pause to the Horse Armoury. He may as he goes along obtain considerable information from the guide, who must be excused if the want of intelligence of a large majority of his hearers tempts him occasionally to make himself rather entertaining than instructive. Like other showmen, he makes his little jokes, and no doubt repeats the same *impromptu* with every party. In the Horse Armoury one now finds considerable changes of arrangement. The upper chamber, called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury—really the crypt of St. John—is, as we have observed, no longer seen. The statue of

that bright and occidental star with her page now stands in the back row of the gallery. The heading-axe, the block, and the scavenger's daughter are huddled together at the end of the gallery, though they once occupied such conspicuous positions in Queen Elizabeth's Armoury. They have been supplemented by a neat and ingenious model of the rack. There is another point on which every one complains. Perhaps because of the disappointment which the present new look of the interior would occasion in the mind of the sentimental traveller, the Chapel of St. Peter is not shown. This is the less to be regretted, as we pointed out some years ago, because all the old bones have been dug up, and replaced in more "suitable positions"; the rugged pavement, so roughly laid down where Anne and Catherine and Jane lay side by side with Suffolk, and Northumberland, and Dudley, has all been removed, and the names of those personages so sadly associated have with a strange perversion of taste been worked into the gaudy pattern of an encaustic tile. There is little to complain of in the general restoration of the chapel, and the list on a brass tablet of the illustrious dead who sleep within its walls appears to be accurate. The Beauchamp Tower more nearly approaches the proportions of a museum, for into it, or rather into one chamber of it, have, by another most regrettable arrangement, been collected the touching inscriptions of the prisoners from all the adjacent walls. We are glad to know that this ill-advised proceeding has no longer the sanction of the authorities. The verses supposed to have been placed by Bishop Fisher on the wall of Bell Tower are still preserved in their place, and the eloquent bricks of the Prisoner's Walk, overlooking the moat on the roof of the Lieutenant's Lodgings, have not been disturbed. The visitor leaves the Beauchamp Tower, his mind somewhat puzzled by conflicting statements as to its age and as to the identity of the persons whose names appear on the walls, and proceeds to the new doorway cut through the wall of the Wakefield Tower. Here he inspects the Crown jewels, unless he is more interested in the architectural history of the building. If so, he will with much difficulty discover the Oratory mentioned by Mr. Clark and others—a recess on the eastern side, which has been thrown into the room, with a modern window of Mr. Salvin's driest and least mediæval pattern. This closes the round; and it must be admitted in reply to the American tourist, that although the visitor's mind is not put through so misleading a process as that undergone a few years ago, he has obtained a very inadequate amount of knowledge and a very limited idea of the extent and actual condition of the Tower of London.

#### SUICIDE.

MR. BUCKLE remarks in his *History of Civilization* that "the latest researches of M. Casper confirm the statement of earlier statisticians that suicide is more frequent among Protestants than among Catholics." In this he may very likely be right, but the observation must be limited to countries whose Catholicism is more than nominal, for France stands fourth on the list for its annual average of suicides, Denmark, Saxony, and Prussia taking precedence. It is no doubt true that the general average is considerably higher in the North than in the South of Europe, and the difference cannot be said to depend on conditions of climate, for in Russia the crime is infrequent, while on the other hand it is everywhere far more frequently committed in summer than in winter. And the natural conclusion to be drawn from an historical review, as will presently appear, is that its frequency or infrequency is mainly conditioned by religious or quasi-religious causes, whether acting directly or indirectly through the influence exerted on public opinion and legislation. But first a word may be said on the remarkable and unfortunately still growing increase of suicide in modern Europe. It is reported to have multiplied fivefold during the last century, till it has at length reached the startling figure of 60,000 cases annually, a fourth of which alone can fairly be set down to insanity. For it must be remembered that many other motives, besides a strict regard to fact, come in to explain what has been called "the charitable perjury of juries," such as the desire to secure the Christian burial of a suicide, and to secure his family from annoyance and from the loss of his property, which is still by law confiscated to the Crown in the case of deliberate suicide. And if we take into account the number of concealed or undetected suicides, and of ineffectual attempts, the annual average of 60,000 would probably have to be enlarged by half as many again. It is far higher, as might be expected, in towns than in the country, where the proportion of suffering is greater and there is less inclination to submit patiently to it. What would not be so readily anticipated is the early age at which the suicidal tendency manifests itself, and its survival in old age; middle life indeed appears to be comparatively exempt from it. Some two thousand children and a large number of old men over seventy destroy themselves every year. It may to some people be a greater surprise to learn that the spread of education has not served to diminish the number but to increase it; suicides are most common where every one is taught to read. That it would be much less common among women than among men might have been expected, and this is shown to be the fact. As to the means adopted for self-destruction, poisoning, which was the favourite method of the ancients, has gone out of fashion; hanging and drowning and shooting are most

in vogue now, hanging and drowning alone covering more than two-thirds of the cases on record. That the over-excitement, sharp competition, and fret of modern life have something to do with this deplorable growth of what is called suicidal mania is of course obvious enough. But that the total or partial collapse of religious convictions is the underlying cause which gives potency to the more immediate pressure of suffering, despondency, or weariness of life, there can be little doubt. To be sure, religious enthusiasm has sometimes prompted self-destruction, as was exemplified in the fate of the early Christians who voluntarily courted martyrdom, or of the wretched victims crushed to death under the car of Juggernaut. But acts of this kind differ so essentially in character from ordinary suicide that they are most properly to be classed under the head of self-sacrifice, however perverse and even odious a form it may assume. Meanwhile the kind of influences which have mainly contributed to promote or to restrain the passion for self-destruction will be best inferred from a brief historical retrospect.

The condemnation of suicide among the ancients was halting and intermittent at best. Pythagoras expressly forbids it, on the ground recognized by Christian and theistic moralists generally in later times, that no one has a right to depart from the position where God has placed him, and Plato endorses his prohibition, though in a less absolute form. Aristotle's condemnation is based on the duty of citizens to the State. Plutarch considered it cowardly and unworthy of the dignity of man; the Neoplatonists condemned it as involving a perturbation and therefore pollution of the soul; Cicero condemns, but stultifies his censures by his exceptions; Marcus Aurelius wavers in his judgment; Seneca openly applauds, and the whole Stoic school followed him; Pliny more than approves. And popular opinion under the Roman Empire was, to say the least, entirely tolerant of suicide, which was freely practised, and not only by Stoics, who had Cato for their great exemplar. Lucretius, Cassius, Atticus, and Petronius Arbiter may be named as conspicuous instances. To Seneca the option of suicide appeared the one grand consolation under the tyranny of Nero; to Pliny it even constituted a superiority in the lot of man over that of the deity, that he could at any moment bring his existence to an end; Epictetus thought it cowardly to live on when life had become irksome from weariness or disease, and on this principle the poet Silius Italicus starved himself to death. In Stoical teaching suicide was not merely permissible but a virtue, and was deliberately practised as such. It has been justly observed that "the doctrine of suicide was the culminating point of Roman Stoicism," as illustrating the proud, self-reliant, unbending character of the true philosopher, whose boast it was to hope little and fear nothing. "Life and death in the Stoical system were attuned to the same key. The deification of human virtue, the total absence of all sense of sin, the proud stubborn will that deemed humiliation the worst of stains, appeared alike in each." And here too the Stoical, and indeed the Pagan conception of ethics generally, contrasted most pointedly with the Christian ideal which superseded it. It has been urged with literal accuracy that suicide is not expressly forbidden in the Bible, as it is in the Koran—for in this, as in many points, Mahomet borrowed without acknowledgment from the ethical code of Christianity—but it was generally understood by the ancient Jews, as afterwards by Christians, to be included under the prohibition of murder, though in the middle ages the persecuted Jews sometimes destroyed themselves by wholesale. The argument of Pythagoras and Plato was from the first reasserted and enforced by Christian teachers, who felt, to use the language of Madame de Staël, that "there is no crime by which men appear so formally to renounce the protection of God"; but they also insisted with great effect on the virtue of resignation and the remedial and sanctifying power of mental or bodily pain, which enter so largely into the ethical system of the early and mediæval Church. Two kinds only of suicide, or quasi-suicide, were for a while tolerated and sometimes commended, though both were condemned by the general verdict of later Catholic opinion from the time of St. Augustine downwards; the voluntary provocation of martyrdom already mentioned, and the self-destruction of Christian maidens or matrons in the imminent prospect of violation at the hands of their heathen persecutors. There are even canonized Saints, like St. Pelagia, whose merits are commemorated by Tillemont, among the women who thus destroyed themselves.

From an early period then suicide almost wholly disappeared within the Church, though it was revived from time to time in some fanatical shape among heretical sects, as by the Donatist Circumcellions of the fourth century and in the Albigensian "Endura"—or starving to death—of a later age. But moral teaching on the subject soon began to be reinforced by stringent enactments both of the canon and the civil law. No religious rites could be solemnized at the funeral of a suicide, and no masses offered for his soul; his property was confiscated, and his corpse subjected to various public and often grotesque indignities. Such legislation may be regarded as barbarous and revolting, but it is a mistake to say with Beccaria that it was useless, in the sense that it did not produce a strong deterrent effect on men's minds. Suicide at all events was rare during the middle ages, and mainly confined to exceptional occasions such as the Black Death in the fourteenth century; sometimes monks put an end to their lives from melancholy or despair. The Reformation itself does not seem at the time to have produced any great change either in theory or practice, but the revival of classical tastes and learning in this as in

other particulars naturally tended to recall the Pagan standard of ethics. Even Sir Thomas More allowed suicide in certain cases in his *Utopia*. But the great Pagan revival took place during the convulsive period of the French Revolution, when it was said that "the world had been empty since the Romans," and cases of self-destruction rapidly multiplied, while the laws against it were mostly abolished. The revolutionary epoch passed away, but it left permanent effects in the disintegration of traditional sentiment and belief; and during the last hundred years, as we have observed, there has been a steady increase of suicide, especially, as statistics clearly prove, in those countries which rank highest in intellectual culture and civilization. To say with a modern writer that it almost always springs from absolute or partial insanity, or from the last extremity of despair, is, we fear, to say more than is warranted by recorded facts, though it is probably true, for reasons it would take us too long to enter upon here, that an increase both of insanity and of extreme misery is a penalty inevitably attached to a highly developed phase of civilization. The advance of lax or sceptical views of religion has meanwhile materially weakened the chief counteracting influence, while the restlessness and fierce competitive spirit of the day are eminently unfavourable to the formation of habits of patient resignation and contentment, and that love of notoriety, which Cardinal Newman somewhere says is one of the great motive forces of modern life, is not without its effect over a feeble class of minds. To trace out the diagnosis of a disease is always easier than to suggest remedies, even had we space left for discussing them. But if there is no hope of recalling the old religious earnestness which afforded so powerful a corrective to such tendencies in former ages, it is much to be wished that those who have been most forward to discard it, would display equal energy in discovering some efficient substitute. "Killing no murder" is a principle the Nihilists have done their utmost of late years to revive, but self-killing is still generally looked upon as criminal in Russia. We cannot put back the shadow on the dial and emulate Russian obscurantism; it would be worse than idle to regret that the schoolmaster is abroad, but one may justly regret that his footsteps should be dogged by the suicide. There is a folly worse even than ignorance in the strange perversion of wisdom which deliberately adjudges life to be a mistake, and proceeds, sometimes when scarcely in its teens, to translate the conviction into a fatal reality.

#### RECENT RESTORATION IN ITALY.

MODERN Italians do not love their public buildings wisely. According to their lights, they take a very keen interest in them, and they are prepared to sanction almost any expenditure to preserve them. In this they are actuated partly by patriotism, partly by a rather childish desire, of which they are only half conscious themselves, that everything about the new Kingdom of Italy should be as new as its own title, and, above all, as different as it is possible to make it from what existed under the hated yoke of "the stranger." In those gloomy days the safe-keeping of public buildings was the last thing thought of. The decrepid religious corporations only patched their churches or their convents, at the cheapest possible rate; the petty princes had long felt too insecure to care to spend money on a capital they might be forced out of at any moment; and the Austrians were far too much occupied with the task of holding the country to have any leisure for public works. Under their rule the Ducal Palace at Venice was allowed to fall into such a state of disrepair that the water streamed through the roof, and they were compelled, in 1850, to execute a thorough repair of it. The result of all this neglect has been that the public buildings of Italy came into the hands of the new Government in a wofully dilapidated condition. Unfortunately, the same causes that had half ruined them had kept the Italian nation in a state of ignorance that rendered it incapable of appreciating the true value of its artistic inheritance. As a natural consequence, therefore, necessary repairs have been executed without due preparation, and by incompetent persons. The restoration of a building of the highest architectural and artistic importance is entrusted to a Company, as though it were a dock or a railroad; and when, after a drastic treatment, under which most traces of antiquity disappear, the work is pronounced complete, Italian critics are usually quite satisfied, provided always that the two great conditions, neatness and newness, have been fulfilled.

The treatment to which the church of S. Mark at Venice has been subjected is a notable example of this method, and though the protest that came from this country has at any rate delayed further interference with the west front, we fear that almost irreparable mischief has been done already. We have lately had an opportunity of examining S. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, and we found that whereas the architect who rebuilt the north side of the church some years ago was careful to confine his labours wholly to that side, and not to meddle with the west end of it, which enters into the composition of the great west front, the same course has not been followed on the south side. It would seem that by the time that work was undertaken, the rebuilding of the entire west front had been resolved on; for the lines of both plinth and parapet have been set out at a level considerably above that of the same members in the west front, and the portion entering into that front has been rebuilt. No attempt has as yet

been made to join the old work to the new. A gap of two or three feet has been left in the parapet, and a similar, but smaller, interval between the old and new cornice resting on the lower range of columns. It is manifest, therefore, that these members cannot be left as they are at present; and besides, repairs are to a certain extent absolutely necessary along the whole façade; for many of the slabs of marble, especially the more modern ones, are fast crumbling into powder. Before long, therefore, it will be necessary to come to some decision respecting the course to be adopted, and, if we may conjecture the future from the past, it is not difficult to imagine what that course will be. A careful study of the south side, now completed, makes us fear that before long the whole west front will be enveloped in one of those elaborate scaffolds which reveal no secrets, and that when it sees the light of day again after perhaps two or three years' concealment, it will be in a condition that those who love and admire it now hardly like even to think of. Let us return for a moment to the south side. There the old marble slabs have all been taken down, and for the most part replaced by new ones, not from Oriental, but from Italian quarries, and of much larger size than the old ones. The result is to give a wholly modern appearance to the walls. The work is all most regular, for the slabs have been so arranged that their broad grey markings may pass alternately from left to right and from right to left; but at the same time it is most inharmonious. The soft warm colours, due to age acting upon a delicate material, are all gone; and in their stead we have a cold, glittering surface, from which the eye turns away, wearied and dazzled. Moreover, the surface of the columns has been worked afresh; the mosaics have been renewed; the lines of the original architecture all set exactly straight; and lastly, the pediment that backed the Capella Zenò (placed there in the beginning of the sixteenth century) has been pulled down and replaced by large flat slabs of green Susea marble, for which there is no authority whatever, while grave doubts have been expressed as to their durability.

We regret to have to state that the Ducal Palace is being restored in much the same spirit. Here, again, we are perfectly ready to admit that some repair to the stonework was urgently needed. The base of the column on the first floor, immediately above the Adam and Eve angle, had been crushed into small pieces, and the column had in consequence fallen out of the perpendicular. Several other bases had become more or less decayed. Many of the stones composing the frieze and the cornice, especially near the angle, were in an equally dangerous condition; and, in some few instances, the component pieces of the great circles of the arcade showed signs of falling. Many of the capitals, both on the first floor and on the ground floor, through the oxidisation of the iron tie-rods which had been imbedded in them at the period of their first construction, were split from top to bottom. To counteract this evil iron bands had been applied either round, or immediately beneath, the abacus, but these external supports were inefficient to prevent further decay, and were as unsightly as most of the restoration attempted during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was natural, therefore, that any work undertaken at the present day should include the removal of unsuitable additions made at a time when taste was at its worst. The present works were wisely prefaced by a thorough examination of the foundations all along the façade, both towards the sea and towards the Piazzetta. It was found that the lower range of columns rested on an embankment of stones, laid in regular courses, each projecting a few inches beyond that next above it. This substruction extended to a depth of about seven feet below the pavement, the height of which appears to be original, and rested, not on soil or sand, but on two layers of larch logs. These were perfectly sound, and the whole foundation was in such excellent order that the lower arcade need not have been interfered with at all, as is proved by the fact that the group of Adam and Eve has not been disturbed. In the upper part it would have been perfectly easy to take down the insecure portions and to reset the old stones, with the exception of the bases of the columns above mentioned. The old tie-rods having been removed, the capitals which their expansion had split might have been put together again. The task would not have been an easy one; but, considering the interest and importance of a building the preservation of which was solemnly decided upon after the great fire of 1577, it was quite worth undertaking. Instead of doing this the present authorities have entered upon a course of action the result of which will be to destroy the venerable appearance of the building even to the most superficial observer; and, as a natural consequence, to obliterate the historical and archaeological interest of it. The work has been begun at one angle, and at present has extended to three bays on each side of it; but the whole of the façade towards the Piazzetta is included, and that towards the sea will probably be attacked at no distant date.

Beginning with the upper arcade, we find that, in addition to the necessary resetting and strengthening and making new the cornices and the bases of the pillars, the capitals and the shafts have been, as we think quite needlessly, replaced by new ones. The capital at the angle is old, but those of the four next to it on the Piazzetta side are new, and so is the shaft of the fifth column on the same side. On the seaside the capital of the first column from the angle is new, that of the second is old, and then those of the three next are new. Moreover, in all cases, the new work has been coloured grey, so as to look as much like the old as possible. This deliberate deception is wrong in principle, and the beauty of the ancient portions replaced by inferior modern work is great; but

the treatment of this upper arcade is praiseworthy by comparison with that of the lower one. There, as we have said, there was no imperative necessity for any reconstruction at all, but still the same system has been deliberately pursued. The celebrated capital at the angle, dear to all visitors to Venice for its intrinsic beauty, the capital which Ruskin calls "the most interesting and beautiful of the palace," is now no more. We saw the last of it a month ago, on a scaffold erected beside its old position, upon which it could be turned round and round at will, so that the workman who was copying it could proceed more easily with his work. We were assured that it was to be carefully preserved in a Museum somewhere; but of how much use will it be there, seen in a different position, and under different conditions from those to suit which it was designed? The sculptures on its eight sides represent the Sun and Moon, five planetary powers—namely, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn—and lastly, the Creation of Man. Beneath and among these subjects was the most exquisite foliage—great leaves that bent over, and formed bases for the figures to rest upon. We have no space for a detailed description of the subjects; but we trust that the bare enumeration of them will be sufficient to indicate the nature and the importance of the old work which a modern artisan has been set to reproduce. Had the man selected been the finest sculptor of his time, he could hardly have been successful, for how could he have realized the feelings and the knowledge, and therefore, the intentions of the mediæval artist? But being what he is, a mere artisan, the failure is lamentable. His foliage lacks the living grace of the original, while in the figures he has been presumptuous enough to try to improve upon the old model, and, where the sculpture was broken away, has replaced it by his own fancies. As for the inscriptions, if they were difficult to understand before, they are utterly hopeless now. This desecration of a grand work is the more provoking because it was wholly unnecessary. With the exception of the abacus, the capital was not more broken than any other delicate sculpture that has stood for five centuries within reach of the hundreds who passed by it every day, and exposed to the action of the sun, the wind, and the sea. The shaft, too, a massive pillar that had suffered nothing worse than ordinary wear and tear, has been replaced by a new one, probably for no better reason than because the old one would not have harmonized with the modern capital. The next column—the seventeenth in Mr. Ruskin's enumeration—has been treated exactly like the eighteenth, with new figures, and new inscriptions copied from the accounts of what they once were, preserved by Zanotto and other historians. Here again a new shaft accompanies the new capital. In the next (the sixteenth) we find another new capital, but an old shaft; while the fifteenth capital is suffered to remain, but the shaft is new. Here, for the present, the work stops on this side; but we heard a rumour that it was intended shortly to extend it, and even to open out the five arches next to the Ponte della Paglia. As these were intentionally blocked after the fire in 1577 for the sake of additional security, the opening of them implies a complete rebuilding of that corner of the palace, and probably an interference with the old work far more extensive than that which the great architect who then saved the building felt himself compelled to sanction. On the opposite side, that next the Piazzetta, the same treatment will be found. The first capital on that side, the one next to the Adam and Eve angle, is described by Mr. Ruskin as—

the most important, as a piece of evidence in point of dates, in the whole palace. Great pains have been taken with it, and in some portions of the accompanying furniture or ornaments of each of its figures a small piece of coloured marble has been inlaid, with peculiar significance; for the capital represents the arts of sculpture and architecture, and the inlaying of the coloured stones (which are far too small to be effective at a distance, and are found in this one capital only of the whole series) is merely an expression of the architect's feeling of the essential importance of this art of inlaying and of the value of colour generally in his own art.

This piece of elaborate symbolism, fuller, if possible, of the spirit of the time in which it was originally executed than even the preceding capital, and therefore more impossible to reproduce, has been copied after the usual fashion, marbles and all; and inscriptions have been cut into the abacus over the head of each figure after no better authority than the accounts of them preserved by former observers. The two capitals that follow next in order, and represent respectively a number of heads of animals and the principal inferior professions, have been treated in a similar manner. Copies as indifferent as those of the others, and coloured to look superficially like the old, have been set up in their room, and the venerable originals have been relegated to a gloomy lumber-room. The rest on this side are untouched for the present, but it will probably be their turn next, as many of them are in a bad state. They will then be copied after the same fashion, and another interesting piece of history will be obliterated, for most of them belong to the portion of the palace which was erected in the fifteenth century. The older work was ingeniously copied by the architect, and so long as the workmen were employed upon mouldings and tracery, it is difficult to detect the difference. In the sculptures of the capitals, however, the want of invention of the sculptors of that time makes itself felt; not merely in the execution, but in the subjects, most of which are copied from the earlier ones. The restorers, however, will make the whole set precisely similar.

Before we bring these remarks to an end we must mention that at Verona the tomb and statue of Can Grande della Scala have been "refreshed" in a style not much more creditable. As a general rule the tombs of the Scaligers have been most judiciously treated, protected from decay, rather than restored. Can Grande, however, has

been scrubbed and scraped, his helmet has been adorned with bronze ornaments, and the edges of his tomb with lines of crockets, the authority for which is, we should imagine, very doubtful. There is yet one more work—happily as yet only projected—to which we wish to draw public attention. On entering the Arena Chapel at Padua we found an ominous scaffold set up against the south wall, and workmen engaged in making preparations. In the course of a conversation with their foreman, a very intelligent man, who had a genuine respect for the beauty and value of the building, we discovered that it had recently become the property of the Town Council, and that it was their intention to restore the west front according to the aspect of the building as shown in the fresco of the "Last Judgment." As for the paintings, we were assured that they were not to be restored, but only protected from the danger of falling down. As they have been there for five centuries, it is not easy to understand why they should be in any special danger at this particular time. Certain pieces of the border in the lower portion of the chapel, where nails have been driven in and visitors have picked off fragments of the plaster, have undoubtedly become loosened, but no special damage has been done of late years to the pictures. The damage done to them dates from a long time ago, and any attempt to repair it would be most disastrous. We were assured that there was to be no repainting, and let us hope that the assurance was warranted; but the work should be jealously watched, for there is no saying how far municipal zeal may go when once aroused.

#### SPECTACLES.

THE hats, neckties, or boots of certain people seem as much parts of their persons as their noses or their whiskers; but no artificial adjuncts of the human body are so apparently identical with its nature as spectacles. We know men who seem to smile with their spectacles, to frown, to sneer, and even to eat with them. They are the most prominent features, so to speak, of their countenances, and we should miss them as much as we should miss their eyes or their ears. Indeed, it would almost seem indecent if they were to take them off. It never occurs to us for a moment that they were born without them, nor would it strike us as strange if we were to see a little spectacled face peeping out of their babies' cradles. We are, of course, referring to habitual, chronic, and incurable spectacle-wearers, and not to occasional offenders. There are probably but few civilized people of a certain age who do not make more or less use of glasses, and we might give a worse definition of our fellow-creatures than by describing them as spectacle-wearing animals.

An observant person can scarcely have failed to notice how much, and how variously the use of glasses alters the expression. With some people spectacles look what they are, mere instruments; but with others they seem part and parcel of their faces. Although the wearing of glasses always affects a person's face, we scarcely notice that they are worn by certain people. Yet there are cases in which the glasses are more conspicuous than their wearers, and we feel as if we were talking to the spectacles rather than to the human being behind them. The lenses seem to have life and spirit, and we should almost fancy we were committing manslaughter if we were to break them. Some people's spectacles have a peculiarly objectionable and impudent expression. Their wearers throw their heads back to look at one, and there is an unblushing and staring appearance about the whole arrangement, man and spectacles, which is decidedly offensive. We feel at a disadvantage, too, for it is impossible for the naked eye to assume a like air of intolerable impertinence. Then there are, on the other hand, abject spectacles, which seem cowed in one's presence. Their owners drop their heads, or slowly raise them on one side like ducks in a storm. There are strong and uncompromising-looking spectacles which it would evidently be unpleasant to dispute with, and there are weak-looking spectacles which one fancies might be easily bamboozled. There are some spectacles which look as if they wished they were not spectacles, and others which seem to take a pleasure in being spectacles, and to wish every one to be aware of the fact.

Like other things, spectacles have moved with the times. The glasses worn by our great-grandparents were something like spectacles. Those, for instance, which are depicted in the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds by himself, are instruments which few would be brave enough to use in these days. Their only living representatives are the heavy spectacles which are sold in out-of-the-way village shops; things with great wide rims made of tortoise-shell, silver, or brass, with double springs or holes at the ends by which to tie on the whole apparatus at the back of the head. The spectacles of fifty years ago were heavy cumbrous machines, almost circular, and broadly rimmed. They were about as formidable looking as the umbrellas of the same period. In former days little trouble was taken to make glasses becoming, because they were seldom used except for old and dim eyes, for the art of being short-sighted was not discovered until some time after the invention of spectacles. Among the rural poor, even now, glasses are seldom worn except by the old and dim-sighted. Among cottagers there seems to exist a superstition that the use of spectacles gives an air of respectability if not of piety to the wearer. An open Bible with a pair of spectacles laid across it is supposed to be conclusive evidence of the sanctity of the owner, and to be more than the hardest-hearted curate or district visitor

can resist. There is also something clerical in well-ordered spectacles. A parson may be most parsonic in his bearings and appearance, but his parsonification is intensely parsonified by the addition of spectacles. He has no sooner put them on his nose than he seems at once to have sprung from one to forty parson power. His views may have been sound before, but he looks much sounder when he has put on his spectacles. His influence is also much increased by this addition, for a creature all black cloth and gleaming spectacles is a formidable object, especially to children. Glasses again have their scholastic uses. There is a way of eyeing small boys through spectacles which is very awe-inspiring. Even looking over spectacles has been known to alarm people before now.

We have known charming women who wore spectacles, but as a rule, we do not consider glasses becoming to ladies. They are apt to give a semi-masculine, semi-scholastic, semi-clerical appearance to female wearers, which is not particularly prepossessing. A stern look is unpleasant in a woman, and glasses generally give this look more or less to the wearer. We are not fond of extremes, and although we are far from agreeing with the prudish old adage that a woman should never look straight into the face of a man, we are not fond of being deliberately stared at by a spectacled lady. Most ladies' noses are not very well fitted by nature for carrying spectacles, consequently when they use glasses they are obliged to throw their heads slightly back in a manner which appears, at first sight, a little supercilious. In most cases, of course, this appearance is unavoidable; but we fancy we have known instances in which women have gladly availed themselves of the excuse of spectacles for looking impudent. When women dislike each other they have a method of staring at one another through their spectacles which conveys more meaning than it would be possible for language to express. Glasses rarely increase the benignity of the countenance, but women can look through spectacles with a disagreeable expression which is beyond the power of the male sex. We have observed that many short-sighted ladies who never use glasses before men, make unblushing use of the most uncompromising spectacles when they are, or imagine themselves to be, exclusively in the company of their own sex. At any rate they will often merely use an eye-glass or *pince-nez* in general society, but wear regular spectacles among women. The *pince-nez* has become wonderfully fashionable of late years. If you place one alongside of a pair of spectacles on a table both appear equally harmless, but upon the nose the difference of effect is extraordinary. It is amusing to meet a person whom one has been accustomed to see in regular spectacles wearing a *pince-nez* for the first time. You hardly recognize your friend. The face looks but half clothed, and it wears a rollicking expression which is in strong contrast with the sobriety of its old spectacled days. In years gone by there were times when instruments existed somewhat similar in their construction to the *pince-nez*. They were even more hideous than the old spectacles, and were called by the euphonic name of "goggles." They stood much in the same relation to spectacles that the ancient blunderbuss did to the gun of the period.

Of late years the practice of putting children into spectacles has increased with alarming rapidity. It is melancholy to notice the number of children in the streets and schools with glazed eyes. Spectacled them may be a wholesome preventive; but it seems as if England would soon surpass Germany itself in its proportion of spectacle-wearing inhabitants. Happily there is still some shame left in our country, and there are people who are very shy about bringing out their spectacles. It is very entertaining to drop upon such as these unexpectedly. They snatch their glasses from their noses when discovered as rapidly as a monkey would do it for them, if he were to get the chance, at the Zoological Gardens; and there is a scuttling, a hiding, and a pocketing which is deeply suggestive of the guiltiness of the wearer's conscience. We have known people who would never fairly put their spectacles on; but would hold them the wrong way, or squint through them with the springs folded, and in fact do anything rather than incur the terrible odium of being supposed to "wear spectacles." This has always seemed to us almost greater affectation than the habit of wearing an unlensed eyeglass; and it has been quite a relief to turn to the simple—though in one sense rather complicated—honesty of an esteemed friend who uses blue spectacles, an ear-trumpet, and a respirator. We own that we prefer meeting him when walking rather than when riding or driving; for, although naturally a good-looking man, when armed with the above-mentioned weapons he is an object at which a horse might excusably shy.

It is a disputed point whether artists, in painting portraits of those who habitually wear glasses, ought to introduce in their pictures the spectacles of their sitters. It is objected that when they do so the natural expression is concealed or altered, and that spectacles give an unpleasant effect. It is further urged that an artist has the right to do all he can to present his sitter in the most favourable light, and that he may even portray him in some ancient costume instead of in modern dress with good effect. On these grounds there is doubtless a great deal to be said against introducing the spectacles. On the other hand, it seems desirable that a portrait should, of all things, recall the subject to our memories, and that it should present him to posterity as he appeared to his contemporaries; therefore, when a person habitually wears spectacles, it seems most reasonable to let him wear them in his picture. Again, if you make a man who is accustomed always to wear glasses take them off, his eyes feel uncomfortable and out of focus, so that if you paint them as they then seem the effect is

anything but agreeable. Perhaps of all people spectacles sit least well on Asiatics; and, as they are often short-sighted, they are much given to the use of glasses. In general, savages regard spectacles as choice personal adornments. We lately heard of a native chief in South Africa whose sole "garmenture" consisted of an old dress coat, a pair of green spectacles, and a toothbrush stuck behind his left ear.

#### HOLIDAY-MAKING IN BELGIUM.

THE prolonged programme of *fêtes* with which Belgium commemorates its independence might argue excessive self-assurance in countries of greater pretensions. But Belgium has extraordinary advantages in getting up pageants of the kind, and an intelligent stranger, even were he constrained by circumstances to a three months' sojourn there, might easily find profitable ways of amusing himself in the interludes of the great national entertainments. As for the pageants, with their *mise en scène*, most of the cities lend themselves to them naturally. Historical associations crop up everywhere, linking the faded magnificence of the past with the revived and advancing prosperity of the present. The Flemish Low Countries have had more than their share of misfortune; their people have passed through trying vicissitudes; and what with foreign and civil wars, and fanatical religious persecution, not a few of their traditions are sombre enough. Even now there are cities like Bruges, that remain under the shadows of adversity amid the decaying memorials of their former splendour. But through all the changes of their eventful history we see the Low Countries in the reflection of a halo of wealth. Their rich soil yielded abundantly. The very titles of their mediæval princes and dignitaries—their Dukes of Burgundy and Brabant, their Counts of Flanders, their Prince-bishops of Liège—associate themselves with the pomp and ceremonial of spendthrift chivalry. As in Hood's ballad of "Miss Kilmansegge and her Golden Leg," there is the ring of the precious metals in the whole romance of Flemish history, from the Battle of the Golden Spurs to the institution of the Golden Fleece. The badge of that famous order was a tribute by the Court to the wealth of the people who subsidized its profusion. The Flemish burghers, though they felt the hand of the oppressor, were the very men to thrive in the troublous times when might made right. Enterprising, indefatigably industrious, and frugal, they struggled for municipal independence as they held fast to their hoards, and any interference with their dearly-bought privileges was like thrusting the hand into a hornets' nest. When the chimes in their belfries rung the peals of alarm, the workmen of the guilds swarmed out into the streets, each ready to fall into his place among the fighting bands. Though they only "fought of a holiday," as the Syndic Pavillon says in *Quentin Durward*, yet the use of their weapons came almost as naturally to them as that of the special implements of their trades. There were no stancher soldiers behind walls than those sturdy Flemish burghers; and they might have held their own more successfully than they did, had not an outbreak of turbulent audacity sometimes got the better of their discretion, and hurried them out into the open field to meet the seigneurs with their men-at-arms. But, though they suffered terribly in more than one pitched battle, and though their cities sometimes became the prize of the conquerors, it was by no means all dead loss when they came to strike the balance-sheet. The seigneurs learned to hold their formidable vassals in respect, and were all the more ready to treat with them for those feudal rights which could only be enforced by hard fighting. Those belfries that became the sonorous symbols of civic freedom had been erected in memory of the acquisition of rights purchased with guilders from the municipal treasuries. And, if the Fleming was frugal, he was neither mean nor miserly. Not only did he put his savings out to profitable purpose in extending his business, but he was capable of munificent expenditure both as an individual and as a chief of the community. The Low-country guilds were the most liberal patrons of the architects and artists who enriched their cities with the churches and *hôtels de ville*, the paintings, sculpture, and curious metal-work that are now the admiration of the tourist. The wealthy merchant might dress soberly and live plainly as a rule, but he prided himself on the quaint commodiousness of his private residence, beautified with carved ceilings and staircases; and he delighted to fill it with such treasures of art as Balzac catalogued in his "Balthazar Claes." He had his costly services of plate, displayed on grand occasions on his sculptured buffets; he had table-covers of the finest linen and hangings of the richest stuff of the East; he showed his taste for those delicately-carved ivory knick-knacks that were brought to him in his galleys from Constantinople or Genoa; and his wife had a pretty taste in laces. The ladies of the Flemish burghers, when their townfolk were *en fête*, attired themselves with the well-fancied magnificence that had piqued the jealousy of an Empress. "What a city for the sack!" must have been the thought of many a dare-devil man-at-arms, on a visit to Bruges or Ghent, in days when the chivalry of the period was always out of elbows, and when the pay of the mercenaries was invariably in arrear.

It was more the fault of the citizens themselves, than owing to any alteration in the highways of commerce, that their prosperity dwindled with encroachments on their liberties. In place of acting on the sound Swiss maxim that union is strength, they were always quarrelling and fighting among themselves, provoking the

intervention of their common enemies. Then their wealth and weakness invited foreign tyranny, and made their country for long the cockpit of Europe. Yet that very disunion and decentralization with the long period of decay that landed them in comparative poverty are all in favour of the success of the present commemoration. There is no town of any consequence but has a history of its own; while among the chequered incidents of its rise and decline, there are events that its inhabitants may be proud to celebrate. And while the trade of a country is languishing and its national glories are under an eclipse, the works of demolition and reconstruction go on but slowly. Some of the most famous of the cities are museums of picturesque archaeology, while others have become hives of busy industry. Yet even in these last you still come upon venerable relics which have been either carefully preserved or judiciously restored, as in the remains of the Bishop's Palace at Liège. Among the teeming industrial population of Ghent, there are imposing religious edifices that have suffered but slightly either from popular uprisings, from the fanatical Iconoclasts of the Reformation, or the reckless Vandalism of foreign garrisons. From where the traveller lands at Antwerp, under the shadow of the cathedral spire, he passes on from one object of admiration to another and from surprise to surprise. In Brussels, with its new quarters of parks and mansions, though the Ducal Palace, where Charles V. abdicated, has been destroyed by fire, the rage for fashionable improvement has never tampered with the Hôtel de Ville, the most glorious of all these Gothic municipal palaces, and it has spared the Grande Place, with its *broodhuis*, that witnessed the execution of Egmont and Horn. Even in dead-alive towns, such as Oudenarde and Ypres—Ypres had once 200,000 inhabitants, and now their number has fallen to 18,000—there are town halls, or cloth halls, in flamboyant Gothic, that will make a magnificently appropriate background to any "revivals" which may be devised on the vast, grass-grown places that could accommodate any conceivable crowd of spectators. Bruges with its deserted streets and its silent canals is the very abomination of desolation by comparison with its bustling neighbours of Antwerp and Ghent, and yet it has a fascination of its own for the intelligent traveller who may choose to devote a part of the holiday to the repose of quiet communing with the past.

But the charm of Belgium is in that variety of attractions which ought surely to satisfy the most many-sided of minds. If you are tired of the noise and the gaieties of Brussels, with its mimicry of Parisian manners and pleasures, you may retire for a week or so to the solitudes of Bruges, and there you are within easy reach of the *plage* at Ostend. At Ostend you are in the thick of a cosmopolitan Vanity Fair, where you may make lively acquaintances on the slightest provocation; where you may bathe in the mornings and dance in the evenings; lose your money at *baccarat* or *carté* in the Casino; and trifle with the "native" oysters in the restaurants, at tables in windows looking out upon the sea. Or should you feel slightly out of sorts, after a course of dinners and dissipation in the capital, you may prefer a visit to Spa, which, as it is one of the oldest, is one of the brightest of European watering-places. The company that gathers to the Pouhon spring in the morning, or assembles in the Promenade des Sept Heures in the afternoon, is drawn even more than at most baths from the most mixed European society. For Spa is very accessible and charmingly coquettish in its aspect, and its water, moreover, has unmistakable virtues. Belgium, it may be added, varies as much in its scenery as in its dialects and languages. From the tame flats of the low-lying western provinces you pass through the highly-cultivated patches of market-garden and farm land of the small peasant proprietors in the centre, towards the south and east into landscapes that are strikingly picturesque. Nothing can be prettier than the look-out from the carriage-windows on the line of the Great Luxembourg Railway from Brussels, among rolling hills and rushing streams, and the ruins of many a castle and abbey. Some of the fortified heights and limestone precipices overhanging the wooded bends of the Meuse equal the most enchanting bits on the Rhine; while every summer-tourist bound to Germany must have admired the fresh green in the valley of the Vesdre, and the superb situation of Liège, as seen through the smoke of its gun-factories. It is a pity, of course, that in Belgium, as elsewhere, the exigencies of money-making and trade should have marred so much natural beauty. But, we must remember, it is in its lucrative industries that it finds the money to entertain its visitors at the *fêtes*.

#### THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND SOUTHSEA REGATTAS.

WE are not acquainted with the terms on which those much-coveted prizes, Queen's Cups, are given; but it may, we presume, be taken for granted that the cup which is annually fought for at Cowes is presented on the condition that none but yachts belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron shall do battle for it. Other Queen's Cups are thrown open to all yachts; but it is impossible to suppose that the Yacht Squadron is distinguished from other clubs by discourtesy, and that its members keep what is by far their best prize for themselves. Doubtless there is a strict limitation on the grant of the cup, and the Squadron is obliged to appear inhospitable. It is much to be wished that it were otherwise, for the result is to de-

prive of almost all interest what ought to be the great yacht race of the year. Once this prize was won by that slowest of vessels, the *Hildegard*, and it was taken this year by the *Formosa*, which has been beaten in every race she has engaged in all over the coast. She had, it is true, two very fine schooners and one very large one to contend against; but, even with the allowance which is given, a cutter has, generally speaking, a considerable advantage over schooners. It certainly seemed absurd that when such craft as the *Latona*, the *Florinda*, the *Miranda*, the *Vandua*, and the *Samana*, were in the Solent, none of them could sail for the Queen's Cup because their owners did not happen to be members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. What gratification can be derived from victory in a contest from which all the best vessels are excluded, and how much value would attach to the Queen's Cup at Ascot if it were made a strict condition that none but horses owned by members of White's should run for it?

In this season's race the *Formosa*, which was so fortunate in having no other cutters and no yawls to contend against, was further aided by the misfortune of the *Enchantress*, which, when leading, lost her jibboom and foretopmast. In this, however, there was nothing the least remarkable, as the accidental discomfiture of a rival often contributes to the success of a winning yacht. It is, moreover, by no means certain that, had all held, the *Enchantress* would have been able to save her time. The day after the unhappily narrowed contest which opened Cowes Regatta, came a real race, that for yawls and cutters of all clubs. The *Latona*, *Florinda*, *Arcthusa*, *Samana*, *Vandua*, and *Arrow*, started, and with a light westerly wind had to beat to the Hurst markboat, and then to run to the Nab. The wind had drawn something to the south when the light-ship was rounded, and there was a reach back to Cowes. The flag-boat, was first passed by the *Latona*, but she was unable, to save her time, and the *Samana* took a well-deserved first prize. The famous *Vandua* was completely defeated; but it is to be observed that her chance in the sail was injured by an unfortunate error which was made at the start. On the day after this contest the race for the Cowes Town Cup, open to all rigs, took place. It was a curious and, to some yacht-owners and captains, a justly exasperating sail; but nevertheless a very exciting one. The contending vessels were the *Latona*, *Vandua*, *Formosa*, *Samana*, *Arrow*, *Miranda*, *Enchantress*, and *Egeria*. The course was to the Warner light-ship, and thence to the Lepe Buoy, twice round. Making for the light-ship with a north-easterly wind, the two first-mentioned vessels took the lead after a time and held it well. Off Cowes the wind was very light, and beyond it there was a westerly breeze, so that, oddly enough, in either channel vessels making for Cowes had the wind aft. The leading yachts, getting the westerly breeze first, drew very far to windward of the others; but off Cowes there was a dead calm, and on the return the whole fleet came together again. The great *Latona* was for awhile so absolutely becalmed that she seemed as if aground. After a tedious drift a light breeze sprang up, and again the *Latona* and *Vandua* bade farewell to the rest, and sailed well away from them. When the coast close to Cowes was again reached, however, there was another dead calm, and for a second time the whole fleet came together. A light wind presently took the yachts past the roads, and the Lepe mark-boat was rounded with some difficulty. The *Samana* was the winner; but though she sailed extremely well at times during the day, her victory was entirely owing to good fortune. One disagreeable incident in this race, to which attention has been drawn in *Land and Water*, requires notice. Towards the conclusion of the contest, the *Formosa*, being in a position to stop the *Miranda*, did so in every possible way, and then suddenly retired from the race. The *Miranda's* chance of the cup, which was a good one, was entirely spoiled by this; but we are not going to waste any pity on her, as she has gained so many prizes, that one, more or less, can be of small importance. The conduct of those in charge of the *Formosa* should not, however, pass uncondemned. For one yacht to hamper and worry another is unfortunately most common, and no vessel can be specially blamed for what all do; but for one yacht to hamper another, take away her chance of the prize, and then suddenly to give up is, if not unprecedented, unusual in the extreme.

The schooner race, which, as usual, concluded the regatta, was the best of those sailed. The course was round the island, as it was last year, and the vessels were sent to the eastward. The *Enchantress*, *Gwendolin*, *Waterwitch*, *Egeria*, and *Miranda* started; and, after a slow progress along the north-eastern shore, found a strong south-westerly breeze as they neared the Princessa buoy. After this had been passed the *Egeria* and *Miranda*, for some unaccountable reason, went about and stood in to Sandown Bay, where of course they got less wind and tide than the others, which, better piloted, held on. The new schooner *Waterwitch*, which made her second appearance in this race, sailed admirably, and was lifted well to windward by the strong west-going tide. The pilots of the *Egeria* and *Miranda*, having, no doubt, enjoyed a charming view of Sandown Bay, found off Dunnoe that their taste for the picturesque had to be heavily paid for, as the *Waterwitch* was far away from them. The splendid *Gwendolin*, surely the most beautiful of English schooners, fared very ill, as she stood out further than the *Waterwitch*, and sailed into a light wind, which much delayed her. On the stretch to the Needles the *Egeria* and *Miranda* gained on the new yacht; and in the run home they both, and especially the *Miranda*, came up to her rapidly, but at the finish she

was pronounced to have saved her time on the last-named vessel by 13 seconds, and was the nominal winner. We say nominal winner, because it was impossible in this case to place reliance on the official award. The authorities of the Royal Yacht Squadron were apparently unable to make up their minds as to the tonnage of the *Waterwitch*, and it seems clear that the time allowances were not the true ones for the course. Moreover, the timing was most eccentric. Any one who witnessed the termination of the race, and saw the *Guendolin* and *Miranda* come in close together, must have learnt with extreme surprise that, according to the official statement, the latter was twenty-five seconds behind, or, to put it differently, that there were some three hundred feet of clear water between the two. Such careless work is not creditable to the Squadron, and exposes the club to suspicion which, though unjust, is not unnatural, and should never be allowed to arise.

In the short interval between the Cowes and Ryde regattas, yachtsmen were stirred by a totally unexpected excitement. The breeze which the schooners found outside the island was the first breath of a coming storm. The wind got up during Friday night, did not fall during Saturday, and on Saturday night rose to the force of a gale. There was confusion and disaster—fortunately unattended by loss of life—in the fleet anchored off Ryde pier. Several yachts dragged, and had to make sail. There were collisions, happily unattended by any serious injury, and a small vessel broke adrift and very narrowly escaped being carried against Ryde pier-head and wrecked. Another small yacht, the *Moonbeam*, was less fortunate. She also broke adrift, and was carried against the west side of Ryde pier, close to the landing steps. After bumping for a length of time which did credit to the strength of her build, she went down. As we have said, there was, happily, no loss of life, but this was more owing to good luck than good management. A yacht's boat was seen striving hard to aid the vessel which was driven past the pier-head; but, marvellous to say, the lifeboat never made its appearance. Some persons in cork jackets were seen on the pier, but these had, apparently, been put on for ornament only. The fact that there was not an effort to aid vessels in danger on this occasion is not a pleasant one, and we venture to suggest to the authorities of the National Lifeboat Institution, that they would do well to inquire how it was that no attempt whatever was made to launch the Ryde lifeboat on the night of Saturday, August 7.

Very literally, after the storm came a calm, for on Tuesday, the 10th, when the race for all rigs of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was sailed, there was but a very light breeze, which towards nightfall died away completely. During a considerable portion of the race the *Miranda* and *Florinda*, sailing extremely well, led the fleet, but during a long drift in a calm, with occasional catpaws, which lasted through the entire night, there were many changes of position. Finally, however, the two vessels which have been mentioned regained the lead, and the *Florinda* took the first and the *Miranda* the second prize. As the yachts did not anchor until the morning, the Sailing Committee of the Victoria very wisely postponed until Thursday, the 12th, the race for the Town Cup, which was to have taken place on Wednesday, the 11th. For this the *Vanduaara*, *Samana*, *Arrow*, *Latona*, *Florinda*, and *Miranda* started in a smart breeze, and during the first part of the day there was a fine struggle between them. After a time, however, the wind became light and uncertain, and the race was deprived of some of its interest by the grounding of the *Vanduaara*, which certainly has been singularly unlucky in the Solent. The *Latona* was first in; but the *Florinda*, which came next, was well within her time, and won the cup. For the race round the island, the which took place on the day after that just mentioned, there was a large entry, but the contest had little interest. Owing partly to good sailing, and partly to good fortune, the *Latona* got well away early in the day, and there was never much chance of her being caught. Some thirteen or fourteen minutes behind her came the *Samana*, which has sailed very brilliantly in her native waters.

The Albert Yacht Club was more fortunate than the Yacht Squadron or the Victoria, as there was a strong north-easterly breeze on Tuesday and Wednesday last, when the prizes offered by this club were sailed for. The first day's race was marked by the extraordinary sailing of the famous *Florinda*. The course was from the Committee boat off Southsea to the Prince Consort buoy off Cowes, and thence to the Nab light-ship twice round. When the buoy was reached, the *Florinda* was first, though with no great lead; but, in the close-hauled stretch out to the Nab, she literally ran away from the whole fleet and tacked round the light-ship eight or nine minutes ahead of the nearest vessel. No doubt she was aided by one of those strokes of good luck which so often occur in yacht races; but, nevertheless, the performance was a marvellous one even for this yacht. She was of course an easy winner. In the second day's match the result was very different. The *Florinda* got a good start, but those in charge of her thought fit to engage in an utterly unnecessary luffing match with the *Latona*, in the course of which both yachts got close to the northern shore, and the *Florinda* touched the ground. The result of this foolish contest was to throw the two vessels astern of the rest, and for a while the *Miranda* led well. The *Florinda*'s good fortune, however, did not desert her; and in the stretch from the buoy to the light-ship she was brought from a rear position well to the front by a strong puff of north wind, which enabled her to lay up some two or three points higher than any other vessel.

When the Prince Consort buoy was rounded for the second time she just succeeded in heading the *Miranda*, and of course gained in the beat to the eastward; but the *Wivenhoe* schooner is not to be easily shaken off, and she kept steadily on the *Florinda*'s weather quarter, and finally passed the flag-boat much within her time, and gained a well-deserved first prize. Both this race and that of the previous day were remarkably quick, and afforded a happy contrast to the wearisome drifts which are likely to be long remembered as having been the principal features in the Cowes and Ryde regattas of 1880.

## REVIEWS.

### BROWNING'S DRAMATIC IDYLS.\*

THE second series of Mr. Browning's Idyls is far pleasanter than the first. In the newer poems there are no moral paradoxes of sentimental murder, or of sordid crimes impossibly expiated by voluntary submission to capital punishment. Five of the Idyls are versions of familiar old stories, and the sixth records an anecdote in the life of Clive which may perhaps be either authentic or traditional. The language, if rugged, is for the most part intelligible, and the expansion of a legend hinted at in three lines of the *Georgics* is pretty and graceful. A postscript, highly characteristic of the poet, might seem to be directed against facility and fluency of production. An imaginary writer is supposed to be praised by a shallow admirer for fertile readiness:—

Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke;  
Soil so quick receptive;

but the admiring critic is rebuked:—

Indeed?  
Rock's the song soil rather, surface hard and bare:  
Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage  
Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there:  
Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age  
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

The most voluminous among all poets of equal rank has in a long course of years produced some more perishable plants with a spontaneity which scarcely suggests the lonely pine "brooding quiet in its cleft." To skilful cultivation of the ordinary or rarer growths Mr. Browning has of late years devoted less and less attention. In one of the Idyls, having occasion for a rhyme to *between us*, he supplies its place by an unnecessary Latin word involving a deliberate false quantity:—

Ten long years your march has moved—our triumph—(though e's short)—  
*hactenus*.

Having apparently become aware that the whole idyl is composed in a metre difficult to scan, and impossible to read with any kind of melody, the poet coolly proposes that it should be sung, and he adds a few bars in musical notation to facilitate the process. Prose, as in the case of anthems, may be set to music and sung, but barbarous metrical dissonances are not cured by artificial intonation. The story of typical ingratitude belongs to more than one age and one country. A magician whom Mr. Browning calls Pietro of Abano bestows by his art wealth on an adventurer who courts his favour, and, applying after ten years for assistance, he is put off with a request that he will confer power, which also follows in due season. After another ten years, the applicant, now the Emperor's Minister, wishes to exchange influence in the State for promotion in the Church, and accordingly his patron makes him Pope. A final appeal to the gratitude of the upstart is answered by a threat of committal to the Inquisition, and Pietro of Abano shuts in his face the door which he had held open while he listened for a minute to the first prayer for assistance. In the Spanish version, the wizard who had ordered two chickens for dinner, calls to his cook to roast only one. The confusion of time in dreams must have suggested the form of an essentially popular satire. Mr. Browning tells the story with spirit and humour, but he has never been more outrageously reckless in metre and rhyme. One stanza may be selected at most at random, to illustrate the wilful employment by a master of language of the lowest and dullest doggerel. Simplicity is sacrificed, not to beauty or ornament, but to perverse ostentation of what might in another writer be deemed helpless awkwardness.

As he stood one evening proudly—(he had traversed  
Rome on horseback—peerless pageant!—claimed the Lateran as new Pope)—  
Thinking, "All's attained now! Pontiff! Who could have erst  
Dreamed of my advance so far when, some ten years ago,  
I embraced devotion, grew from priest to bishop,  
Gained the Purple, bribed the Conclave, got the Two-Thirds, saw my coop  
ope,  
Came out—what Rome hails me! O, were there a wish-shop,  
Not one wish more would I purchase—lord of all below!"

No fragment of Mr. Browning's genius is needed to produce such rhymes as *traversed* and *have erst*, *new Pope* and *coop ope*, *bishop* and *wish-shop*. Some of his parodists have accomplished in imitation of him similar feats of ingenuity with the excuse of being intentionally absurd. The lumbering and irregular accentuated trochees are almost worthy of the perverse rhymes with which they are pointed. Some of Mr. Browning's metrical compositions

\* *Dramatic Idyls*. Second Series. By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

are duller and more unintelligible than "Pietro of Abano"; but not one of the number contains worse verses. Whether the music redeems the faults of the libretto is not a question for literary criticism.

Another poem in *terza rima*, which of all alien metres is perhaps the least manageable and least agreeable in English, tells the old story of a bad wife being more than a match for Death, who is here by a novel mythological contrivance identified with Satan. The son born of his penal union with a human wife is brought up as a physician; and the power of seeing Death, invisible to others, impending or remote from each patient, enables the practitioner to acquire reputation and wealth. Finding it impossible to persuade Death to leave the pillow of the Emperor, who had offered his daughter in marriage as the price of a cure, the demi-demon sends for his mother who frightens Satan away. Taking warning by the parental example, he then refuses to marry the Princess. The tale has the merit of embodying a jest at the expense of women which amused former unsophisticated generations; and it is also to be commended for the absence of a moral. If the verses were smoother and sweeter, the genial humour which befits the relaxation of genius would be not unattractive. A subtler meaning is contained in the story of Muléykeh, which is also more poetically told. The Arab Hóseyn owned an unequalled mare, though he had been impoverished by paying his share of blood-money due from his tribe. He has no longer any camels, but he is contented with his lot:—

"God gave them, let them go! but never since time began,  
Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,  
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land and gold."

His tribesmen and strangers hold that pity would be wasted on Hóseyn, "but lavish both on Duhl, the son of Sheybin, who withers away in heart for envy of Hóseyn's luck." The envious Duhl in vain offers for the Pearl the price of a thousand camels; and he afterwards appeals with as small result to the generosity of the fortunate owner on the pretext that his son is pining and dying through covetousness of the mare. A third attempt is more successful. Duhl steals Muléykeh from Hóseyn while he sleeps with the rope of her headstall round his arm:—

And, loose on his left, stands too that other known far and wide,  
Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she, yet ever missed  
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous heels.

Duhl looses the headstall and springs on the Pearl, and instantly Hóseyn follows on Buhéyseh. Stride by stride he gains on the robber, and in another bound he will reach him:—

She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—joy! fear!  
What folly makes Hóseyn shout "Dog Duhl, Damned son of the Dust,  
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's left flank."

At the touch, and hearing the voice of her master, Muléykeh gave a leap and "vanished for evermore," while her owner returned weeping to his tent. His friends come round him and justly censure his folly:—

"To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or a girl,  
And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,  
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by night!"  
"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn: "You never have loved my Pearl."

The sentiment may be fantastic, but it serves well for a symbol of disinterested and objective affection. In imagination, if not in actual life, the faultless excellence of the beloved object may be valued more highly than possession. Of those who have treated the legend Mr. Browning has best discerned its capabilities. The point of the poem of "Clive" consists in a more paradoxical fancy. An early friend of Clive sitting with him a week before his tragical death, asks him when in his own opinion he displayed the highest courage. Lord Clive answers that he will say instead when he felt most fear; and he proceeds to tell the story of a duel when he was young and obscure with an officer whom he had accused of cheating at cards. Either combatant was to deliver or reserve his fire at his choice; Clive had fired and missed; and his adversary demanded an apology with the muzzle of his pistol touching Clive's head. The idiomatic answer was "You know you cheated . . . fire and go to Hell." The conscience of the gambler was touched; he confessed his delinquencies and disappeared. Clive threatened the spectators with death if they at any time revealed the scandal. The fear which he expressed appeared to have been lest the wrongdoer should affect magnanimity by sparing his life. There is perhaps a false antithesis between physical fear and apprehension of discredit, but a hyperbolic expression of the highest courage may be tolerated in fiction.

By far the best of the former collection of idyls was that of Pheidippides, the Athenian runner, who on his return from a fruitless mission to Sparta encountered the god Pan, and bore from him to Athens a sprig of fennel (*marathos*) as a token of victory. Once more dispatched by Miltiades to Athens with the tidings of Marathon, Pheidippides died as he told the Assembly of his victory. The short poem of "Echetlus" in the present volume refers to another legend of Marathon, in which an unknown hero, dressed as a rustic, performed marvellous feats with a ploughshare, and disappeared when the battle was over. The Oracle, on inquiring for his name, answered with more good sense than poetical aptitude:—

"Care for no name at all!  
Say but just this: We praise one helpful, whom we call  
The Holder of the Ploughshare. The great deed ne'er grows small."

The priestess, in spite of her inspiration, seems to have been at a

loss to fill up the verse, which was probably a hexameter in the original. The pretty tale of Pan and Luna is suggested, as has already been said, by a passage in Virgil, who, according to Conington, borrowed the fable from Nicander. The episode in the Third Book of the *Georgics* is introduced to relieve a prosaic statement of the signs by which a purely white stock may be secured by sheep breeders. It was with fleeces snowy as these that Pan cajoled the Moon:—

Munere sic niveo lana, si credere dignum est,  
Pan deus Arcadiæ captam te, Luna, fefellit,  
In memora alta vocans: nec tu aspernata vocantem.

The fancy may perhaps have been derived from white patches of moonlight seen in openings of the woods. Mr. Browning, who speaks with authority in such matters, prefers to believe that the Moon, too visible in a clear sky, sought to veil her beauties in a fleecy cloud, craftily placed to delude her by Pan. The mention of wool in the Third Book of the *Georgics* justifies the theory that the seeming cloud was of a more tenacious substance:—

But what means this? The downy swathes combine,  
Conglobe, the smothery coy-caressing stuff  
Curdles about her. Vain each twist and twine  
Those lithe limbs try, encroached on by a fluff  
Fitting as close as fits the dented spine  
Its flexible ivory outside-flesh: enough!  
The plummy drifts contract, condense, constringe,  
Till she is swallowed by the feathery springe.

It will be seen that, in dealing with a purely poetical subject, Mr. Browning abstains from thrusting on unwilling readers the grotesque rhymes and ill jointed verses which he thinks good enough for a mediæval magician. It might perhaps be hypercritical to remark that the modern poet deviates from his original by turning into a snare Virgil's bait or bribe. The newest version does more credit to the character of the Moon; but her latest votary declines to invent an apology for her further conduct:—

Ha, Virgil? Tell the rest, you! "To the deep  
Of his domain, the wildwood, Pan forthwith  
Called her; and so she followed"—in her sleep,  
Surely?—"by no means spurning him." The myth  
Explain who may—Let all else go, I keep  
—As of a ruin just a monolith—  
Thus much, one verse of five words, each a boon,  
Arcadia, night, a cloud, Pan, and the moon.

On the whole, in the present volume Mr. Browning has tested less severely than usual the inexhaustible loyalty of his genuine admirers. They resent with reason his rough verses, his outrageous rhymes, which have now reached the climax of badness in *hæcētus*, and in many instances his choice of revolting subjects; but intellectual vigour is never wanting; and at his worst Mr. Browning is deliberately bad. If he occasionally descends to doggerel, he is like a grown man amusing himself with baby language, and at any moment he may choose to resume a fitting and masculine style. It is scarcely safe to skip when he may, while the attention of the reader is suspended, suddenly digress into rich and nervous poetry. The tiresome jingle of "Fidne at the Fair" ends in four stanzas of Mr. Browning's finest poetry, since separately published under the title of "The Householder." The second series of *Dramatic Idyls* exhibits one of his peculiar gifts in his discernment of the poetic use which may be made of popular stories. He has condescended on this occasion to dispense with the use of cypher, which has often in default of a key rendered his poems unmeaning to ordinary readers. There is no reference in the Idyls to undisclosed processes of thought or to unfamiliar passages of history. In the story of Pan and Luna the metre is regular and polished; and the versification of "Doctor —," if not pleasant to the ear, is studied and regular. On the whole, it is well to be grateful to a poet who either does well or could do better if he chose. It has been said that all faults may be forgiven except those which could not have been avoided. Mr. Browning's artistic sins are almost always gratuitous and wilful.

#### SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.—THE ZEND-AVESTA.\*

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has brought out another batch of his *Sacred Books of the East*. Two volumes—or, as each is marked Part I, we should perhaps call them half-volumes—relate to the old Persian religion, the religion known to us as that of Zoroaster, which after a prolonged and chequered existence, still survives among the Parsis in India and a few small communities of Fire-worshippers in the neighbourhood of Yezd in Persia. The third new volume relates to the Hindus. Of the two volumes on the Zoroastrian religion, the first (Vol IV. of the Series) deals with the Vendidad, belonging to the older canon of Zend scripture; the second comprises Pahlavi texts, of a later, but still very ancient date. This translation of the Vendidad has been made by Mr. James Darmesteter, who prefaces the work with a long and able Introduction. The oldest canon of Zoroastrian scripture has for more than a century been known among us as "Zend-Avesta," and that term is used in this volume, although it is pretty clearly shown to be a misnomer. It is too useful and familiar, however, to be discarded. The Zend-Avesta is divided into two parts—"The Avesta, properly so called, contains the Vendidad, the

\* *The Sacred Books of the East.—The Zend-Avesta. Part I. The Vendidad.* Translated by James Darmesteter. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1880.

Vispérád, and the Yasna. The Vendidad is a compilation of religious laws and of mythical tales; the Vispérád is a collection of litanies for the sacrifice; and the Yasna is composed of litanies of the same kind, and of five hymns or Gáthas written in a special dialect, older than the general language of the Avesta. The Khorda Avesta or 'Small Avesta' is composed of short prayers, which are recited . . . at certain moments of the day, month, or year, and in presence of the different elements."

In a previous number of the *Saturday Review* (September 7th, 1878), a brief account was given of the dispute which long raged among Orientalists as to the existence of any such language as that called Zend; for it was maintained by several men of great repute that the language was as spurious as the doctrines it recorded were ridiculous. The existence of this language is now universally admitted, although it has no right to be called Zend. The term Zend means "commentary or explanation," and was the name of the comment which accompanied the Avesta, "the law" or the word. What name the language was known by in ancient times has not been discovered; but "it ought to be named the Avesta language," just as, in default of knowledge of the name Hebrew, the language of the Old Testament might be called the "Bible language." Though the name of the language is unknown, its affinity is clearly established. It is a twin sister of Sanskrit, and the common source of the two languages is proved not only by an unmistakable similarity, but by the many myths and semi-divinities which are common to the oldest writings in both these languages. In what country and from what language these two great Aryan tongues arose is, and will probably long remain, a matter for conjecture. Mr. Darmesteter endeavours to discover the country in which the writings of the Avesta first assumed shape; and the conclusion he comes to, though upon very abstruse and hypothetical reasoning, is that

The original texts of the Avesta were not written by Persians, as they are in a language not used in Persia; they prescribe certain customs which were unknown to Persia, and proscribe others which were current in Persia. They were written in Media by the priests of Ragha and Atropatene, in the language of Media, and they exhibit the ideas of the sacerdotal class under the Achemenian dynasty.

The interpreters of the writings in the Zend or Avesta language labour under great disadvantages. If grammars and lexicons of this language ever existed, they have not come down to modern times. Translators have nothing to work upon but the texts themselves. The texts have been attacked from two sides, and "the battle of the methods" still rages. The "traditional school" seeks to explain them by the writings of later times in other languages: the "comparative school" approaches them through the old Vedic Sanskrit. According to this school "the Avesta and the Veda are two echoes of one and the same voice, the reflex of one and the same thought; the Vedas therefore are both the best lexicon and the best commentary to the Avesta." At the head of the former school stands Spiegel, and Burnouf was the great founder of the latter. It is obvious that neither of these methods can be implicitly trusted. Religions undergo many changes in the lapse of centuries, primitive ideas drop out of knowledge, some are enveloped in mystical or fanciful interpretations, and some develop new forms in accord with the thoughts and feelings of each age. Like all things of this world, religion grows or dies. Tradition therefore can give no certain and satisfactory interpretation of the compositions of a far distant age. On the other hand, comparative philology can do much, but cannot wholly accomplish the work. There is no disputing the close affinity of the Vedic Sanskrit and the language of the Avesta, but these two languages are far from being identical. The languages must have existed apart for a long time before the Vedas and the Avesta were composed. They show a great difference in the spelling of words which were once identical, and if the forms of words changed, their significations could hardly have been exempt from variation. Indeed we know that there were great divergences, of which the two stock examples are convincing proofs. Sanskrit *deva*, a god; Zend *daēva*, a demon; Sans. *asura*, a demon; Zend *ahura*, a god. Instead of "prolonging the battle of the methods," the wisest and the surest course will be to join forces, and to recognize the fact that the two methods may greatly assist each other. Mr. Darmesteter does not describe his own method of translation, but he counsels the disputants to have respect for and to use the discoveries of each other—"their common work," he says, "must be begun by the one and completed by the other." This has evidently been his own course of proceeding.

The period when the Zend texts were collected and formed into the Avesta has not been ascertained, and there is no evidence to lead to a satisfactory conclusion on the point; but it seems possible to trace a Zoroastrian literature back to the third century before Christ; and although some portions of the Avesta are evidently later in time than the rest, "no part of them can belong to a later date" than the fourth century A.D. The date of the collection must have been long posterior to the composition of the component parts. How and when these productions first made their appearance is a matter for pure speculation, and will probably ever remain so. When Zoroaster lived no one knows, and, according to Mr. Darmesteter, "the question is whether Zoroaster was a man converted into a god or a god converted into a man." All the features in Zarathushtra [Zoroaster] point to a god, [though] pre-existent mythic elements may have gathered around the name of a man, born on earth, and by-and-by surrounded the human face with the aureole of a god." Zoroaster is thus resolved into a myth, the personality which has been present to the minds

of men for many centuries is shadowy and unsubstantial; the name is appropriated to a "titulary lawgiver," and it may have been applied to more than one. The term "Zend" has been deposited as the name of the Avesta language, but will any amount of speculative ingenuity ever efface the individuality of Zoroaster?

The religion of Zoroaster, or Mazdeism, as, according to the new lights, we ought to call it, has from the days of Herodotus been a subject of attention and speculation among the philosophers of the West. "There has been no other belief in the world," says Mr. Darmesteter, "that ever left such poor and meagre monuments of its past splendour"; and the more we learn of these "monuments" the less is the estimate of their value. Notwithstanding this, and the apparent paradox of the statement, they will probably long continue objects of interest and study. The two great leading principles of this religion, Ormazd and Ahrimán—one the author of all good, the other the cause of all evil—are personifications of the good and the evil which man sees to be constantly in conflict in the world around him and warring in his own nature. Mr. Darmesteter says:—

Magism, in its general form, may be summed up as follows:—The world, such as it is now, is twofold, being the work of two hostile beings, Ahuramazda [Ormazd], the good principle, and Angra Mainyu [Ahriman], the evil principle; all that is good in the world comes from the former, all that is bad in it comes from the latter. The history of the world is the history of their conflict, how Angra Mainyu invaded the world of Ahura Mazda and marred it, and how he shall be expelled from it at last. Man is active in the conflict, his duty in it being laid before him in the law revealed by Ahura Mazda to Zarathushtra [Zoroaster]. When the appointed time is come a son of the lawgiver, still unborn, named Saoshyant, will appear; Angra Mainyu and hell will be destroyed; men will rise from the dead; and everlasting happiness will reign over the world.

There were two general ideas at the bottom. First, that there is a law in nature, because everything goes on in a serene and mighty order; and, second, there is a war in nature, because it contains powers that work for good and powers that work for evil; there are such beings as benefit man, and such beings as injure him; there are gods and fiends."

This, no doubt, is a fair philosophical exposition of the doctrines involved in this religion; but it may well be questioned whether the great body of the old Zoroastrian worshippers realized more than a general conception of the existence of good and evil, gods and fiends. In this part of the Introduction the author compares the deities and demons of Mazdeism with those of the Vedas, and explains all or nearly all as pure myths suggested by the various phenomena of nature. This is all very clever and very alluring, but not entirely convincing. There are many identifications and explanations which seem plausible and worthy of acceptance; but on considering the whole, incredulity is aroused, and asks if it is possible that the early professors of this religion knew that their creations embodied the ideas and myths which are now attributed to them. As commentators have often found in texts recondite and mystic meanings which probably the writers themselves never conceived, so the modern investigators into the springs of ancient religions bring to bear upon them the accumulated knowledge of centuries, and may discover more in them than was ever known or conceived by the men of old time. These mythical explanations are almost entirely speculative; they certainly rest more upon imagination than reason, and while they amuse the fancy, they frequently fail to satisfy the mind. There are many analogies between the Veda and the Avesta; but analogies are frequently deceptive, and the greatest caution is necessary when analogies are made to explain each other. As an example of Mr. Darmesteter's method of treating these subjects, we cite the following, not because it is the most apposite, but because it is one of the least technical, and will bear separation from the context:—

The single elements of Mazdeism do not essentially differ from those of the Vedic and Indo-European mythologies generally. Yet Mazdeism, as a whole, took an aspect of its own by grouping these elements in a new order, since by referring everything either to Ahura Mazda or Angra Mainyu as its source, it came to divide the world into symmetrical halves, in both of which a strong unity prevailed. The change was summed up in the rising of Angra Mainyu, a being of mixed nature, who was produced by abstract speculation from the old Indo-European storm-fiend, and who borrowed his form from the supreme god himself. On the one hand, as the world battle is only an enlarged form of the mythical storm fight, Angra Mainyu, the fiend of fiends and the leader of the evil powers, is partly an abstract embodiment of their energies and feats; on the other hand, as the antagonist of Ahura, he is modelled after him, and is partly, as it were, a negative projection of Ahura.

This is very ingenious speculation, but it makes the embodiment of the spirit of evil a very complicated and elaborate process. It is not possible to disprove that Angra Mainyu or Ahriman, the spirit of evil, "was produced by abstract speculation from the old Indo-European storm-fiend," but abstract speculation had probably very little to do with the creation of deities and demons. Their origin was more simple, and may be attributed to the working in the human mind of awe, fear, admiration, and other natural feelings. The impersonation of a spirit of evil, the gradual embodiment of a devil, was a natural growth. Men saw evil and woe around them in the world, and attributed it to some active energy, which they pictured to themselves as working in a bodily form. Once the idea was formed, its growth was easy and certain.

We have but little space left for an examination of the actual translation, but the reader need not feel any regret. There is little in the Vendidad worthy of notice; it is as "poor and meagre" as the translator has himself described it. The main subject of the work is purification from ceremonial uncleanness and from the effects of improper actions. Death is a great cause of pollution, and this belief has given rise to peculiar provisions for the disposal of corpses. As soon as a man dies a demon from hell is

supposed to fall upon his corpse. The body then becomes unclean, and communicates the uncleanness to every one who may touch it; hence it is necessary to dispose of the body so that the pollution may not spread. Earth, water, and fire are holy, and it would be an offence of the highest degree to make them the means of removing so foul an object. The directions given for the disposal of dead bodies are these:—

"O Maker of the material, thou Holy One! Whither shall we bring, where shall we lay the bodies of the dead?" Ahura Mazda answered, "On the highest summits, where they know there are always corpse-eating dogs and corpse-eating birds, O holy Zarathushtra. There shall the worshippers of Mazda fasten the corpse by the feet and by the hair, with brass, stones, or lead, lest the corpse-eating dogs and the corpse-eating birds shall go and carry the bones to the water and to the trees."

Or:—

The worshippers of Mazda shall erect a building out of the reach of the dog, of the fox, and of the wolf, and wherein rain-water cannot stay. Such a building shall they erect if they can afford it, with stones, mortar, and earth; if they cannot afford it, they shall lay down the dead man upon the ground, on his carpet and his pillow, clothed with the light of heaven, and beholding the sun.

The "Towers of Silence" near Bombay are examples of the kind of building thus prescribed.

#### A FEMALE NIHILIST.\*

TO ordinary English readers, the incidents of this novel will certainly seem highly improbable. The whole conditions of social life, the modes of thought, the theories of the principal characters, are so remote from our ordinary experience that it is difficult to imagine a state of society in which they exist and act. To those, however, who have made themselves in any measure acquainted with the internal condition of Russia, political, social, and literary, there is very little in the book which will seem to exceed the bounds of reasonable liberty which are granted to writers of fiction.

Indeed, as regards some of the principal portions of his narrative, the author says: "We are only relating actual facts known to all St. Petersburg." And, with respect to the remarkable movement which has received the very appropriate name of "Nihilism," upon the progress and development of which the whole story turns, there is hardly anything here which can be regarded as overwrought or exaggerated. M. Lavigne, we understand, was for some years editor of a French newspaper in Russia, so that, in addition to the ordinary sources of information, which he seems to have studied diligently, he has had opportunities of personally observing the people of whom he writes, and more especially of appreciating the true character of the strange political struggles which are now going on in that huge, chaotic society. It does not follow, however, that his statements are to be implicitly relied upon, for it is one of the strange features of Russian life and civilization that no one can be quite sure of any conclusion which he may come to from the facts which he is enabled to collect and examine. It is, indeed, positively asserted that, partly from the action of the Government in preventing the diffusion of correct information, partly from the strange diversities which exist in different parts of the Empire, and in the different strata of society, to say nothing of the obstacle raised by foreign prejudice, it is hardly possible to arrive at any trustworthy conclusions respecting the real condition of Russia. It will not be surprising, therefore, if even the opportunities of obtaining knowledge which M. Lavigne has possessed have not always prevented him from falling into mistakes; and it is quite to be expected that many of his representations, whether true or false, should differ considerably from those of writers who have the same means of information as himself.

With respect to the strange movement around which all the incidents of the tale are grouped, and which gives the book its name, the reader may be assured that he has here not only a very readable and animated account of the theories which are in vogue within it, and of the kind of action which its promoters are wont to pursue, but that he has also an accurate representation of the so-called principles of Nihilists, as far as those have been formulated and can be understood. Probably most English readers will obtain from this book a better notion of the real designs of these revolutionaries—of the state of society out of which they have arisen, of the strange conditions which have made these secret societies possible—than by reading many of the graver essays and treatises which have been devoted to an exposition of the subject. We should add that, as a novel, the book is highly effective; the story is interesting, exciting, one might say "sensational"; and yet it is absolutely pure and harmless.

The following conversation gives a good idea of the difficulty of working Nihilist principles, and of the almost necessary differences of opinion existing among their advocates. The speakers are Sergius, who is, perhaps, the hero of the story—certainly the most remarkable figure in it—and Pavlovna, the "female Nihilist," who, if not the heroine, ought to be:—

"I beg your pardon," said Sergius, "listen to me. I am ashamed of the folly that is ascribed to us, not without reason, for the Nihilist minority is corrupted by the most pernicious errors. I am ashamed that we who propose to destroy everything can or will not put something in its place. I propose beginning from to-day to give a new direction to the Revolution."

\* *A Female Nihilist*. By Ernest Lavigne. Translated from the French by G. Sutherland Edwards. London: Allen & Co. 1880.

"And how?"

"By no longer initiating members on their own mere request, and solely because they are poor, out of caste, or disinherited in some way; . . . by knowing distinctly what it is we wish to overthrow."

"Why, to my mind, everything."

"No, not everything. It is on this point that we do not understand each other. I think that to wish the overthrow of everything is madness, pure insanity. We should find ourselves on the morrow face to face with the desert, like the Caribs or the cannibals. All that would never suit me—suit us," said Sergius, correcting himself.

"At any rate, we will see to that; go on."

"Next, must we not know what we are to build on the ruins which we shall have directly or indirectly caused?"

"We will discuss all this at leisure," said Pavlovna, after some reflection. "At present let me give you my sincere advice. You are on an evil path, you are softening; you are no longer a revolutionist. In acting as you propose to do you will lose all prestige; all confidence will be withdrawn from you."—Pp. 175, 176.

And so it actually fell out; reason and true philanthropy were alike unheeded by the band of desperate men and women whom Sergius was for a season able to control, but who at last broke loose from the restraints of prudence which he imposed upon them. The true tendencies of the movement (we can hardly say the principles of the party) are enunciated in the following utterances of the rival leader Ribofski, who succeeded in ousting Sergius from his position of control:—

The Nihilists may and ought to aspire to office, dignity, and honour. They shall mutually help each other with all their might. They shall denounce false brethren and the suspected. They shall employ every means to assist the Revolution, which consists in the most utter and radical destruction of the existing order of Society. No more monarchy. No more recognized religions. No more property; the land belongs to all; the soil is like the air, everyone has a right to sustenance. No more administration. No more armies. Kings, soldiers, priests, judges, the possessors of privileges and of wealth are our enemies; at these we must direct our blows. Sentence of death is passed on every official of the empire who shall show himself directly or indirectly hostile to our plans.—P. 222.

We have marked by italics the portions of this programme which are the most outrageous and incredible. Yet they represent accurately enough the theories and designs of Nihilists. The object of the movement is simply destruction, and not reconstruction in any form or shape. Communism, in its worst forms, is innocuous and respectable compared with Nihilism. Wild and insane as the words of Ribofski may sound, they represent exactly the sentiments of the accredited leaders of the movement. It is, if anything, a system of mere Individualism—quite impracticable and impossible indeed; yet, so far as it is developed, aiming at nothing beyond this.

Such theories involve, as a necessary consequence, the absolute self-surrender and devotion of the members of the secret societies which are formed to give effect to them. Bound together by vows which are made binding, not by the faith of those who impose or of those who accept them, for Nihilism is based on Atheism, but by the certainty that their violation will be punished by death, they belong body and soul to the cause which they have espoused, and must sacrifice everything to it. Of the three or four leading characters in the story, we have seen two, and these have thoroughly entered into the spirit of what they regard as their mission. Pavlovna is one of those fanatics with "a fixed idea," who never dream of turning to the left hand or to the right, except at the bidding of the theories by which they are possessed. Sergius is a lofty idealist, imbued with the purest and most ardent philanthropy, who has become identified with the movement as the only means of lifting off from his countrymen the load of misery under which they are crushed. Another, who is intimately associated with these two, is of quite a different type. This is Vladimir, who, if he had nobility for it, should be the hero of the story. He is a mere handsome voluptuary, who has joined the movement in a spirit of adventure, reckless because he has nothing to lose, caring supremely, not for humanity or Russia, but for himself, ready to take the oaths imposed by his associates, although well knowing all the consequences, equally ready to forget them when his indolence or love of pleasure interferes, ready to break them when his interests are imperilled, having perhaps the one virtue of courage, which makes him despise dangers which he must know to be real.

The Nihilists lack the sinews of war, and it is Pavlovna who, with her man's intellect and her woman's cunning, has hit upon a device to supply them. She is a governess, and has taught the Countess Stasia, a young and beautiful Russian whose uncle dies at the beginning of the story, leaving her possessed of immense wealth. She confides to her two friends, Sergius and Vladimir, her intention of plotting for the marriage of the Countess with a Nihilist. The young girl has few friends, and trusts her former governess, who undertakes to pave the way for the union which she contemplates, in order to obtain control of the property of the Countess for the propagation of their opinions. It is Vladimir whom she selects as future husband for the Countess, on account of his personal attractions and engaging manners. She opens her plans to her two friends:—

"You know," she says, "that I still visit her, that she is well-disposed towards me, that she has often helped me; in short, that she is very kind."

"As kind as beautiful," chimed in Sergius.

"Indeed! You know her, then? Yes, good and beautiful. To-day she inherits I don't know how many million roubles."

"That is not her fault," said Sergius. "This inheritance, resulting from the state of society, can in no way be made a reproach against her!"

"Who wants to reproach her? What I am thinking is how we can exploit this inheritance for ourselves; how to make it come into our hands and benefit the cause. And, if you attend to me, if you have the heart and the will of men, if you have blood in your veins, this enterprise, difficult as you may think it, will be accomplished in a moment."

"Pavlovna, we are all attention; we never knew you more interesting!" said Vladimir.

And in his heart the young man was thinking of those fabulous sums which represent so much pleasure, which a whim of fortune had thrown into the hands of a woman who could not manage, utilize, or understand them. Ah! had fate only made him rich, instead of casting him almost naked on the parched soil of frozen Russia, he would have known how to enjoy himself and make an effect.

Sergius had other thoughts; in his hands such a fortune might have served to console the exile, to raise the victim of tyranny and despotism, to aid the rapid spread of Socialism, to foment revolution, to overturn the pyramid and set it on its base; for nowadays, in his eyes, it was on its apex; and the injustice, the contradiction, the fallacies of his time and country were ever pressing on his throat and well nigh strangled him.

Gradually Pavlovna unfolds her idea of gaining possession of the wealth of the countess; and she induces her two friends to swear that they will do her bidding, and assist her in carrying out her plans. She points out to them that it is only by the extinction of individuality that they can reach their ends. She is herself making great sacrifices, for she loves the man whom she has destined to be the husband of Stasia. To each of the friends she gives his own work. Sergius, "what the world calls a true and noble man," has not, she thinks, "enough exterior gifts to carry Stasia's heart." Therefore, it is his part to convert her to Nihilism, to be the steward of her fortune. Vladimir is handsome. "The sight of thee," she says, in her excitement using the second person singular, "makes women's hearts bound. Thou art the man who shall marry Stasia."

Here is the plot which Pavlovna now sets herself to carry out. One great auxiliary she found in the loneliness of the Countess. Open to all human sympathies, she had few objects for her affections to rest upon. Her uncle's friends had not been her friends; the few that she had were not congenial; besides her time of mourning secluded her from society.

"I am alone," thought Stasia, "and in spite of my great possessions, in spite of the rank that will be mine if I please to take it, at the Court, in spite of the high position that my fortune gives me, I am isolated. There is really no one to love, to understand, or to protect me. I cannot bear the world and its festivities; I do not enjoy them, I cannot shine among them. On this side then, without a greater effort than I feel capable of making, there is nothing to hope. Shall I receive visitors at home? Whom am I to receive? My friends! they are very unstable and indifferent; possibly good-natured, certainly careless. The Count had no friends that I liked."

From one thought and reflection to another the Countess arrived at this conclusion, which, though she did not express or formulate to herself, was none the less logical. "I need to love."—(P. 113.)

It was to this state of mind that Pavlovna addressed herself, and she found her task more easy than she had anticipated. Happily for the success of her schemes, there was no serious rival in the way. Suitors of any delicacy of feeling would not obtrude themselves on the Countess in her time of mourning; those who did present themselves as aspiring to her hand only formed a foil to Vladimir. Sergius, while trembling for the future happiness of the charming Countess if she became the wife of his associate, was bound by his oath, and by his devotion to the Revolution, to assist in carrying out the scheme. It succeeded only too completely. The fanaticism of Pavlovna, which made her so keen to discern the opportunity for the advancement of the movement, blinded her to the true character of the two persons whose destinies she had united. Fascinated herself by the physical attractions of Vladimir, as intellectual women often are fascinated by men who have hardly anything in common with themselves, she could not see how little this essentially unrefined, shallow, selfish, pleasure-loving nature could satisfy the pure, deep, tender nature of her friend—how little either a woman like Stasia could fill and hold the heart of a man like Vladimir. As far as the Countess was concerned, she was at least faithful to her husband. As for Vladimir, he lived and acted according to his kind.

If the scheme had little success in bringing happiness to the parties most deeply interested, it brought little more advantage to the Nihilists, and ultimately it became the means of inflicting upon them the most serious and permanent injuries. Every needy Nihilist thought he had a claim upon the purse which Vladimir could now command. It was his simple right. Vladimir had married for no other reason than this. Besides he belonged, with all he had, to the great movement and to every member of the Society which was formed to promote it. Vladimir became dissatisfied, sullen, obstinate. These Nihilists were a simple nuisance, the organization a mistake. At the same time, Sergius and his old confederates were drifting more and more apart, Pavlovna holding to the one side or the other as her impulses inclined her. Finally Vladimir, in spite of the remonstrances of his two friends, who reminded him of his oath, and pointed out his danger, the inevitable consequence of the violation of his oath, shook off the Society and bid them defiance.

It is better, perhaps, that we should leave the reader to seek for the continuation of the story in the book itself. The whole story is easy and entertaining reading; the situations, if startling, are not unnatural. Human nature in Russia, in Nihilism, even in Nihilist novels, is very much the same as it is elsewhere. But, apart from the interest of the story, there is not a little to be learnt from this volume respecting the difficulties of the Russian Government as well as the difficulties of reformers, no less the most reasonable and moderate than the most irrational and fanatical. If ever the world was "out of joint," it must seem so to Russian patriots. As to the best way of remedying the dislocation, that is a question which it requires some boldness to answer. Nihilist

conspiracies and murders, Nihilist seizures and trials, the confounding of the innocent and the guilty, the condemnation of ideas and supposed tendencies equally with overt acts of rebellion, these are the things which we can read in this volume, as we can read, or at least hear, of their happening in Russia every day.

We fancy that the writer is not free from that inaccuracy in describing Russian society which his countrymen so often betray, to our own great amusement, when they describe English society. The account, for instance, which he gives of a Nihilist marriage is very different from the description of the same thing which we find in documents of greater authority. But these are small matters. The general representations of Russian society are only too near the truth; and the theories, designs, and methods of the Nihilists are set forth with perfect accuracy. The atmosphere of the book is thoroughly Russian; the colouring, if we may thus distinguish, is French; and the translation reads, as far as a translation from a French book with a Russian subject can read, like an original English work.

#### LIFE OF SIR JAMES OUTRAM.\*

JAMES OUTRAM never worked out the transformation of an Indian province from misrule and anarchy to order, nor is his name familiar to some millions of Hindu cultivators, like those of Munro and Thomason as the founder of a "Revenue Settlement." He never, except on one occasion, commanded a large army in the field, or retrieved a great disaster, or ended successfully a campaign on which the fate of the Indian Empire hung. But it would be difficult, out of the range of Anglo-Indian worthies, to select a character which conveys more instruction to the rising generation of officials, and seems to connect the nineteenth century with what we are accustomed loosely to call the age of chivalry. The family of Outram was old and respectable, and at one time wealthy, while it seemed as if young Outram would inherit a competence. The death of his father in middle life, his money sunk in works not then remunerative, left the care of five children to his widow, who seems to have been a lady of much spirit, energy, and acuteness. Her son was evidently endowed with a large portion of his mother's qualities; was known as a bold, fearless, and active boy; and early exhibited signs of ingenuity and talent. A doubt as to his proper profession was soon settled by the offer of a direct Indian cadetship, which he preferred to a nomination to Addiscombe; and at the age of seventeen he found himself appointed to the 4th Bombay Native Infantry, in the sixth—not the ninth year as the biographer has it, of the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, who had just deposed the Peshwa, put down the Pindarries, and broken up the Mahratta confederacy. During an adventurous service of more than forty years, Outram took a part in many historical events occurring between the rule of Lord Hastings and that of Lord Canning, from which we need only except the Gwalior campaign, the Sikh wars, and the operations in Burmah in 1824 and again in 1852. But his experiences were strikingly diversified; he commanded the approval of three Viceroyalties besides the Governors of his own Presidency; he was brought repeatedly into contact with wild tribes, astute native potentates, and mutineers flushed with partial successes; and though belonging to the Western Presidency of India, it is no exaggeration to say that his memory is as much cherished and honoured in Agra and Bengal, as if he had begun his service in the cantonment of Dum-Dum and had ended it before the walls of Delhi.

Other Anglo-Indians have risen to eminence by resolutely adhering to one or perhaps two departments of the public service. The name of Outram is repeatedly turning up for thirty years where we least expect it, and at any interval between the first Burmese war and the Sepoy rebellion. While other officers were vainly struggling to pass the languages and be selected for civil employ, Lieutenant Outram who never was much of a linguist and knew no Persian, had succeeded in taming and civilizing a whole tribe of Bheels. These aboriginal savages to the number of more than fifty thousand when driven out of Meywar by the Rajpoots, had settled in the wild and jungly district of Khandeish. Something had been effected by our predecessors, the Mahometans, to reclaim these savages in the plains. In the mountains and passes the Bheels had proved unapproachable and intractable. Their occupations were plunder, robbery, and murder, varied by hunting. Sternness and severity had been tried in vain. It was reserved for Outram to win the confidence and attachment of this strange race by a mixture of daring and kindness to which the author of the biography has not done more than justice. At one time Outram surprised and dispersed a band bent on a desperate outrage. At another he trusted himself almost alone in the hands of their leading man. Now he gained his object by copious libations of brandy; and now by killing half a dozen tigers on foot, and getting once or twice clawed in the process. In the end, like Cleveland with the Bhagulpore Paharries, he formed a corps of Bheels, put down lawlessness, and actually persuaded a regiment of the regular army to receive these *Mlechhas*, or outcasts, as their own flesh and blood. No more conspicuous triumph has ever signalized the Anglo-Indian adminis-

\* James Outram. A Biography. By Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B., K.C.S.I. With Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

trator dealing with Coles, Gonds, and other non-Aryan tribes; and we are not surprised to hear that recent officials have found these Bheels worshipping a little image in which their imagination had detected a resemblance to the features of "Outram Sahib." From big game, wooded defiles, and reclaimed savages, there was a sharp transition to political employ. In 1835 Outram was deputed to the little Principality of Mahikanta, of which the affairs were complicated by its connexion with the Gaikwar of Baroda and the Raja of Edur. Here he compiled a report which, like many other Indian productions, was not a model of brevity but produced lasting results. Shortly after this he married his cousin, Miss Anderson, and, in 1838, he was appointed A.D.C. on the staff of Sir John Keane, then in command of the troops ordered to Afghanistan. It is only one of the remarkable episodes in his life that, in spite of a fractured pelvis, he entered Candahar, was present at the capture of Ghazni, crossed the Shutargardan Pass, went as far as Bamian in vain pursuit of Dost Mohammed, saw Kabul, had a successful encounter with the Ghilzais, returned to Quetta, and was present at the storming of the capital of the Khan of Kelat. The remarks of Outram on the proper policy to be pursued towards the Afghans are pregnant with meaning and were never more worthy of close attention than at this present eventful crisis.

In 1842 Outram was appointed Political Agent in Upper Scinde; and he thus gained experience of the intense discomfort of the Scinde climate, its fiery heat and its plague of boils, as well as of the equally hot temper of the two Napiers. His famous controversy with these pugnacious brothers might be summed up in a few sentences. Outram maintained that the Amirs of Scinde had really no warlike intentions; that they only required tact and management; that Mir Ali Morad had propagated false reports to the discredit of the other chiefs; and that it would be quite possible to maintain the patriarchal rule of four Amirs at Hyderabad and a similar number at Khairpore. Sir Charles Napier, on the other hand, was determined to compel the Amirs to sign a revised treaty, would hear of no delay, and would brook no opposition; and, as is now generally conceded, drove the unlucky Amirs into acts of defiance, which began with the attack on the Residency defended gallantly by Outram, and ended with the battle of Meeanee and the annexation of the Province. It is one of the ironies of Fortune that the well-known title of the "Bayard of India" should have been conferred at a public dinner on Outram by the very soldier whose brother afterwards employed all the resources of a clever pen to demolish his character. With pleasure we turn to Outram's remark in after years before the walls of Lucknow when he saw the well-known handwriting of the deceased conqueror of Scinde—"Ah! poor Charley, he could appreciate a good soldier." After an active service of nearly a quarter of a century Outram took a short leave to England. On his return he was appointed to the charge of Nimar—a post much below his deserts—and then on the outbreak in the Southern Mahratta country in 1845 he was sent to Sattara as Resident. From this place he was transferred by Sir George Clerk to a similar but more important situation at Baroda. And here began his celebrated campaign against *Khutput*, which convulsed the whole community, somewhat damaged the Government of Lord Falkland, gave birth to a huge Blue-book, and led to the removal of Outram from his post. We have always been of the opinion that Outram damaged a first-rate cause by intemperate and injudicious handling. Of the existence of *Khutput*—that is, bribery, of the belief of the natives in its efficacy, and of the stain it cast on the honour of our administration, there can be no more doubt than there is of Outram's purity of motive and honest determination to expose venality. So, at least, thought the Court of Directors, the public, and Lord Dalhousie. A man of Outram's splendid qualities and noble character is never very long under a cloud. He was well received at home; he narrowly missed employment under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople; and when he returned to India at the close of 1853 he was sent back by Lord Dalhousie to the very post from which he had been removed by the Bombay Government. Sir F. Goldsmid does not give sufficient prominence to the fact that Lord Dalhousie, with his characteristic decision and sagacity, effectually exorcised the demon of *Khutput* by bringing Baroda and its affairs under the immediate cognizance of the Foreign Office at Calcutta. And, thenceforth, Mahratta rascality never got as far as Bengal. Political justice being satisfied by Outram's triumphant return to the capital of the Gaikwar, he was soon afterwards sent to Aden as Political Resident and Commandant. Work and excitement had, however, told on his constitution, and, after his acceptance of the Residency of Lucknow, he had just energy enough left to furnish an exhaustive report on the condition of the kingdom, and to smooth over the difficulties of annexation as far as this could be done by a man who could unite implicit obedience to his own Government with genuine consideration for a dethroned king. Driven home to England in the height of the hot season of 1856, he had begun to recruit his health when he was summoned to take command of the expedition to Persia. The results of this brief campaign were our victories at Khushab and Mohamra, the renoucement of any claim to Herat on the part of Persia, and the timely return of our forces, including the 78th Highlanders, for the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. It raises our estimation of Outram's foresight that when all was peaceful in India in May 1856, he had expressly brought to Lord Canning's notice the defenceless state of the fort at Allahabad, and had vainly urged its occupation by the wing of an English regiment. The prominent part played by Outram in the advance to Lucknow,

his self-effacement and relinquishment of the chief command to Havelock, his splendid defence of the Alum Bagh after the first relief of the garrison and before the final capture, are all subjects which, if widely known, deserve to be studied in General Goldsmid's narrative. The substantial reward of such services was a seat in the Supreme Council as military member, where, with his unfailing energy, Outram threw himself into the work of reading and writing long minutes on the amalgamation of the Royal and Indian armies, the amnesty to the rebels, the military defence of Bengal, the comfort of the soldier in the heat and confinement of barracks, rewards and honours to native chiefs, and railways and police. But the end was near at hand. In July 1860 this soldier-statesman, who had tamed wild tribes, had faced hordes of mutineers, had commanded an army in the field with success, had waged war with low official rascality, and had courageously reprovoked iniquity in high places, left India never to return to it. In less than three years, borne down by toil and climate, he was laid in Westminster Abbey, where, as Macaulay has told us, lie buried the enemies of some twenty generations.

Readers of these volumes and the Anglo-Indians who witnessed Outram's career in India, will hardly fail to note two marked peculiarities of his character. He was utterly fearless of responsibility, and he was utterly indifferent to the claims of self when others were concerned. To ask for special instructions when real work had to be done, to wait on the chapter of events in order that some lucky chance might resolve perplexities, was no part of his creed. In 1824 when only a subaltern, he was sent in command of two hundred men to put down an *emeute* in Khandeish. The insurgents had got into a fort, which Outram saw might easily be carried by a *coup-de-main*. To take this fort was no part of the lieutenant's orders; but he made up his mind, and dashed in with his party after nightfall, dispersed the garrison, and put down the insurrection. Not many years after this, on an appeal from the Gaikwar, he consented to combine with the native forces of that ruler in order to crush a rebel chief. This was done without the smallest reference to the Government, and after he had just been censured for issuing a proclamation of outlawry against a certain Suraj Mull. During the campaign in Afghanistan of 1838-40, Outram actually took on himself to suspend a Government order remanding to regimental duty a trusted subordinate, because the said order seemed unfair. In dealing with *Khutput*, as already noticed, he employed strong epithets when a more temperate style of argument might have served his purpose equally well. But in those times action was not influenced by special correspondents or suddenly checked by obtrusive telegrams, and during the greater part of his career Outram's fine and generous nature ensured him friends at headquarters, who either did him justice or contrived to mitigate the severity of the departmental pen. Yet, if Outram was high-spirited, needlessly sensitive, impatient of control, and fearless in controversy, he could show the greatest tenderness towards equals and subordinates. Possibly, in the twenty-first century of our era, when there will be no certainty about any one thing, writers will be ready to prove on the most correct principles of critical interpretation, that Outram never waived his right to command or tendered his services to Havelock as a volunteer. But with contemporaries this, the most famous, is only one of half-a-dozen similar waivers. He was willing to give up his right to command troops against some insurgents in the Mahi-Kanta, because he was junior to some one who expected the post. He never touched a farthing of the Scinde prize-money amounting to some 3,000*l.*, except to hand it over to charitable institutions such as Dr. Duff's schools; and he refused to draw his full pay as Commissioner in Scinde, contenting himself with his regimental pay and allowances. When his friend Colonel Ovens was captured by a tribe called the Gadkharis, Outram actually offered to take his place; and he was anxious to allow an old friend and contemporary, General Stalker, to have the entire credit of reducing the town of Bushire—which, by the way, Sir F. Goldsmid, under the new orthography, will persist in calling Bushahr. All this was not done to catch public applause. It was the genuine, unaffected outpouring of a man who was ready to put his own name second and even third on the list of candidates for employment.

If we were asked to select a performance which viewed as a benefit to the State or as an instance of individual capacity, is most striking, we should point to the defence of the Alum Bagh. Let us just recall the circumstances. Havelock and Outram, who had relieved the heroic garrison of Lucknow, found themselves undergoing a second siege, though with a little more space to move about, and under less unfavourable circumstances. When Sir Colin Campbell came to the rescue in November 1857, the propriety of the retention or abandonment of the city and the province was very much discussed. We remember hearing at the time from a gentleman in very high position, what is confirmed in this biography, that Outram stated his ability to keep the command of the capital by the aid of a moveable division, and also that he urged the capture of the Kaiser Bagh. Sir Colin Campbell wished to withdraw all forces with the exception of those sufficient to "hold the city in check." Of the Commander-in-chief's capacity for massing large bodies of troops and directing various strategic operations towards one distinct end, there can be no sort of doubt. But we have a clear recollection that the withdrawal of the bulk of our forces after the second relief of Lucknow was considered impolitic; and we have no doubt that it added to the trials of Lord Canning. It, however, gave Outram an opportunity of which he fully availed himself. The Alum Bagh is an enclosure just outside the city, on the high

road to Cawnpore. Outram fortified and held it from the end of November to the first week in March with less than 4,000 men of all arms, against organised and mutinous troops of our own drilling amounting to 120,000 with more than 130 guns. This horde was swollen by all the scum of the city. The only point in Outram's favour was the splendid cold season of Upper India. For more than three months the attention of the Anglo-Indian community was as much fixed on the Alum Bagh as on any other Province in which the work of retribution was going on. Again and again did the troops of the Maulavi and the Queen mother, reinforced by the Gwalior contingent, dash themselves in vain against the frail British lines. Outram, with his inevitable cigar in his mouth, a kindly word for the sick, and an eye for the comfort and the recreations of his men, was always on the alert. His communications with Cawnpore were rarely if ever intercepted, his intelligence was never at fault, his losses were trifling, and the influence exercised by him in his isolation over the whole campaign was simply incalculable.

We have hardly room left for further details. Sir F. Goldsmid's pages are not wanting in anecdotes which relieve the dryness of tiresome official disputes. In early days, with the long hunting spears peculiar to Bombay and Madras, Outram was foremost in the pursuit of the wild boar; and we rather wonder that he did not gain for himself the sobriquet of Lance Outram, from one of the minor characters in one of Sir Walter's novels. We can fully understand the admiration of the Bheels for a soldier who had been at the death of 191 tigers, besides panthers, buffaloes, and bears, and from whom it was an honour to take "a first spear" over a country far more difficult than the level plains and *churs* of Bengal. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether there is not some error in p. iii. vol. i, where Outram is described as galloping up "with an enormous tiger strapped to his saddle-bow." Those animals are when slain generally packed on elephants or brought to camp on bamboo poles by coolies. All horses have a notable antipathy to the odour of a tiger dead or alive, and the weight alone would be too much for an ordinary horse if the animal could be coaxed to carry it. That Outram never condescended to shoot small game or to use anything except ball, is a characteristic which will find few imitators. To the "all-round" Anglo-Indian sportsman a mixed bag picked up in the marsh, tank, and jungle is a peculiar gratification, and Khandaish used to give splendid facilities for all kinds of sport.

It only remains to say a few words about the compilation of this biography. Sir F. Goldsmid's experience as a public servant in India, Belochistan, and Persia is a guarantee for his accuracy in phraseology, dates, names, and facts. He has taken much pains to analyse public documents, to explore private memoranda, and to obtain information from Outram's family and friends. We cannot go with him in his new way of spelling old names; and we could wish that the dates at the top of each page had been those of successive and distinct years, instead of cycles and periods. It is very generous of the editor to wish that Sir John Kaye had lived to give us a full-length portrait, instead of his mere sketch of Outram; but Sir F. Goldsmid has discharged his task most creditably, has never degraded his subject by excessive adulation, and has given us a biography which should be read side by side with that of Henry Lawrence, with whom, as regards sensitiveness, self-denial, generous treatment of inferiors, kindly feelings towards natives, and nobility of thought and purpose, James Outram had very much in common.

#### FAUNA OF BELFAST LOUGH.\*

IT is not possible to multiply experience indefinitely without adding to the sum of human weariness, and we confess that we sighed rather pensively in taking up so large a volume as this on the fauna of one bay in the North of Ireland. But we have not found Mr. Patterson at all an importunate guide, and he is himself as conscious as we were of the limited material at his command. He has accordingly adopted a plan which we should be sorry to see generally imitated, but which has led in his case to the production of a very readable book; he has eked out his interesting, but not very extensive original notes, with all sorts of parallel information derived from the books of other naturalists. As most of these authors are local ornithologists, or observers whose writings are a little out of date, much of this appended matter will have the freshness of novelty to ninety-nine out of a hundred readers, and Mr. Patterson gives his references most conscientiously in every case. Thompson is his great authority in the matter of Irish birds, and the accuracy and care of that distinguished zoologist receive from him the eulogy they deserve. In one case the pupil cannot resist the temptation of telling a good story against his master. Thompson prided himself, and with justice, on the scepticism with which he received and examined every statement regarding the habits of birds which did not permit of his personal examination. However, when his book was published, some portions of it were read aloud to an old sportsman, who stopped the reader at a certain passage and eagerly asked, "Is that in the book? Why, I told Thompson that lie myself!"

We do not propose to follow Mr. Patterson in his excursions into other people's territory, but strictly to confine ourselves to his

\* *The Birds, Fishes, and Cetacea Commonly Frequenting Belfast Lough.* By Robert Lloyd Patterson. London: David Bogue.

own. Belfast Lough is a long open gulf, some fourteen miles long and eight miles broad, open to the north-east; its southern shore is rocky, with occasional sweeps of sand; the northern shore, on the contrary, shelves into low flats, laid bare for acres upon acres when the tide goes down. At the head of the Lough stands Belfast, doing its best with all its factories and railways and steamers to poison and disturb the shy creatures that still venture to haunt the pools and coves. So regular and conventional, however, become the lines of communication, even when they pass through a wide and deep bay, that the fauna of the Lough is but little altered by the constant passage of steamboats through the centre of its waters. These look their best, Mr. Patterson tells us, in the months of August and September, when the shoals or "balls" of fry come stealing into the Lough, followed by all the winged pirates that live upon these silver argosies. The water then is full of fish and the air full of birds; the razor-bills and guillemots float upon the surface, the gulls and terns wheel overhead, and the ravenous skua, too lazy to fish for his own dinner, watches to see who is the most successful among the gulls. Him the skua singles out for his attack; he waits till his victim is gorged, then pursues him till he casts up the undigested fish, or, if the gull neglects that act of fealty, the skua kills him with his hooked and powerful bill. Over the whole scene floats the gannet, disdainful the fry, but falling into the water every now and then like a plummet, in search of some larger game, a loud noise and a jet of foam testifying to the vehemence of his descent. In direct contrast to this eagle of the web-footed race, the bright little shearwaters, or "mackerel-cocks," as the Ulster fishermen call them, quietly tuck away their long, scythe-like wings, and gobble at the fry like pigeons pecking corn in a farmyard. Happy is it for all these busy birds if no bottle-nosed whale happens to stray into the Lough, for he will swallow the whole ball of fry in a couple of mouthfuls. Meanwhile, on the broad flats of the northern shore no less busy a scene presents itself. Until large tracts of land were reclaimed, chiefly to form railway embankments, the wide reaches between Carrickfergus and Belfast were usually alive with herons at low water. The herons miss their old feeding-places, and are less common now; but the banks are still covered with curlews, oyster-catchers, and redshanks. Mr. Patterson describes the curious way in which the tide forces the flocks of birds up to the shore, till at last their final eminences are submerged, and they rise, often in a dense cloud, away along the shore of Downshire, out to sea by Groomsport or the Copeland Islands. Here they wait for the turn of the tide, and about two hours after high water they leisurely come back, so as to be ready to settle on the flats again as soon as the tide has gone down. The lower banks, which are never left quite exposed, were, until quite lately, covered with the bright green ribands of the *Zostera marina*, or grass wrack, which is the favourite food of many marine birds, and which attract vast flocks, or "gaggles," of brent geese and widgeon. Mr. Patterson, however, observes a great change coming over the Lough in this respect; whether owing to the deepening of the sailing channel, or to some other cause not clearly understood, these flats, which used to consist of a muddy ooze, are changing into banks of hard, clean sand, on which the *Zostera* will not grow. The result of course is that the wild geese and ducks go elsewhere to find the food they love.

Mr. Patterson does not record the capture of many very rare species, but his notes are valuable for the experience and patient observation of habits that they show. He has been used to Belfast Lough all his life, and, although evidently a keen sportsman, the mere slaughter of birds has not been his principal pleasure. His accounts of what he has noticed prove him to have spent many hours in that masterly inactivity, that alert indolence, which is the great secret by which a naturalist reaches the mystery of nature. A bustling, noisy man will find no presence but his own upon the shore or in the woods; the man who knows how to lie silent and motionless, but open-eyed, will soon allay the suspicions of bird and animal, and will find the earth and air around him animated by a great company of delightful creatures. To this power of silence must be added the trained eye that recognizes what it sees, distinguishes forms in motion, and knows a species under all the disguises of sex and age. From several excellent passages in which Mr. Patterson proves himself a master of this art of observation, we select one which describes with great precision the gregarious habit of the sandlark or dunlin:—

To witness a large flight—or, as it is more correct to call it, a "fling"—of Dunlins on the wing is a sight as curious as it is interesting and beautiful. It is not when they are flying with an apparently settled purpose from one place to another, but when they are flying about hither and thither over the banks, in a "fling" of from a few hundreds up to thousands in the flock, that their wonderful lightness and activity on the wing are seen to such advantage as to strike even the most casual beholder with admiration. At one moment the spectator sees at a distance a dense dark body moving rapidly along, which a practised eye at once sees is a large flock of sand-larks. Watch them, and, to your amazement, if they are some distance off, the rapidly-moving dark cloud will suddenly almost, or sometimes entirely, disappear. This is caused by the whole flock simultaneously turning their sides, and the edges only of their wings to the spectator. Slowly then, and looking at first like a shadow, the birds reappear, the flock comes into full view as at first, and one is wondering what the next change may be, when, instantaneously, every bird in the whole flight, turning its white under-surface towards the spectator, almost dazzles him with a momentary flash of bright silvery whiteness; the appearance of the flock under this aspect having been most aptly compared to a shower of new shillings. These graceful and attractive evolutions are often repeated, each change being a surprise; for owing to the constantly varying shape of the flock, which one moment may be in a long-drawn-out line, and perhaps the next in a round ball, no two of the movements are exactly alike. The flock, if large, often breaks up, but only shortly to reunite again.

Not less exact and picturesque is the description of the manoeuvres by which that powerful bird, the great northern diver, eludes pursuit, and the account of one particular chase can scarcely be read without infecting the reader with something of the author's excitement.

In the winter Belfast Lough is much frequented by scaups and scoters, and Mr. Patterson's notes on these species are specially abundant. He describes the extraordinary effect caused by the simultaneous rise of a paddling of between two and three thousand scaups. The noise is like the roar of a large waterfall, so many hundreds of powerful wings thrashing the water at once producing this surprising sound. When a boat approaches a large flock, only those birds facing the boat rise at first, their movement, and not the progress of the boat being the cause of the terror of the next rank; the flock thus rises slowly and regularly, the noise being extended over several minutes. The scoters are becoming more numerous every year on the coast of Ulster, and they float in and out of the loughs as the flowing or ebbing tide carries them, sometimes covering acres of water with their dense flocks. Their flesh is coarse and fishy, and they would scarcely be killed at all, were it not that the Roman Catholic Church recommends them as a diet fit for Lent and all fast days. Mr. Patterson records the fact that a pair of the rare and beautiful Velvet Scoter, *Oidemia fusca*, was seen by him on the 6th of February, 1875, about a mile from shore, near Carrickfergus.

We are promised notes on the Cetacea by the title-page, but Mr. Patterson has not much to tell us about them. Except the porpoise and the bottle-nosed whale, very few cetaceans commonly find their way inside the Copeland Islands. The dolphin is absolutely unknown, and but single examples of the pilot-whale and of the grampus have come under Mr. Patterson's experience. The cetaceans seem to ascend St. George's Channel much less than it would be natural to expect from the frequency of most species on the coasts of Cornwall and Devonshire. The bottle-nosed whale, by which Mr. Patterson means *Hyperoodon rostratus*, is called the herring hog by the Ulster sailors.

Though the author does not possess a polished style, and is occasionally given to rambling, he has a picturesque vigour in expressing what has greatly interested him, which commands the attention of the reader. There is a description of a squall in the book (pp. 237-241), which is one of the best things of the kind we have met with for a long time, and which would make the fortune of a nautical novelist. The volume is provided with an excellent map and a good index.

#### CALDERON.\*

CALDERON almost belongs to that class of writers whose reputation has survived their works. The Archbishop of Dublin, in his preface to this second edition of an essay published four-and-twenty years ago, confesses to a fear that he is working on an exhausted theme, and recognizes that "the interest in the poet, though not absolutely non-existent, is exceedingly faint." For this loss of interest in a dramatist round whose works a literature of praise, blame, and comment has collected, he makes no attempt to account. Perhaps this is due to an unconscious feeling, naturally painful to an avowed admirer of the poet to confess, that the interest never was very real, and that Calderon owed the great reputation he once had throughout Europe rather to the ardent championship of a small body of popular writers than to his own merits. His fame was the work of the Schlegels. It became an accepted dogma with their critical school that he was a great genius, and the world believed it on their authority. That authority has been weakened, and the world has long begun to suspect that their praise of the Spaniard was due, at least to a great extent, to the same motive which prompted Pope's civility to some one, a wish, namely, to be offensive to a third party. They used the merits of the Spanish theatre as a good literary stick wherewith to beat the French. As the Schlegels and their followers are no longer so implicitly believed in, their idol Calderon, though perhaps not less read, is less talked about. This may seem a very cavalier, or perhaps the right word is Philistine, way of treating such a renown. The few genuine admirers of the poet, the many who admire him on the authority of others, and who, if they have read his works, have done so with a predisposition to find there the merits they have been told are to be found, can always claim to be supported by the great names of Göthe and Shelley. But Göthe made his reservations, and they are very considerable; while as regards Shelley, who gave a very practical proof of his admiration by translating a part of the *Máscara Prodigiosa*, it may be doubted whether he did not apply to Calderon's "starry autos" that process of mystic interpretation by which anything may be made out of anything.

After all, the great fact about Calderon is that he should have found such admirers. A poet whose works are read and praised, and some of whose plays keep the boards two centuries after his death, has won an enduring place in literature. He deserves that effort should be made to show what that place is. Archbishop Trench, while obviously dissenting from the verdict that would rank him with Homer and Dante and Shakespeare, is yet inclined to

place him very high. He would certainly agree with a writer who lately, in a protest against the discursive and shallow reading of our time, drew up a limited list of men to be read, and included Calderon among them. He has no hesitation in calling him a genius and a great artist. As we are still awaiting a satisfactory definition of the word genius, the title may pass; but a writer's claim to be a great artist is capable of closer analysis.

The first thing to be considered in an estimate of Calderon is that he is one of a large body of writers for the stage who were almost contemporary and who all worked on the same lines. If he is to be read it is not easy to see why we should neglect the works of Moreto, Alarcon, or Tirso de Molina, who were his equals in many respects; still more why Lope de Vega, who moulded the whole dramatic literature of Spain, should be left in obscurity. And it would be easy to add many other names to this list. We have a right to call upon those who claim a special position for Calderon to show that he brought to the dramatic literature of his country something beyond a more glowing style and a greater dexterity in using for stage purposes a certain limited number of conventional characters, situations, and motives which were common to all its writers. To have done this is much, but it scarcely entitles a poet to be called either great genius or great artist. And, except in one branch of his work which will be considered further on, we do not think that an impartial judge, possessing the necessary knowledge of dramatic literature in general and of the Spanish drama in particular, would be inclined to grant him more than this. What has been claimed for him can be best learnt from the well-known lectures of A. W. Schlegel. But the claim is confuted by its own vagueness. Any reader who is imposed upon by its misty eloquence cannot do better than take the advice of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and try and see what clear idea of Calderon's genius or art he has gained. The total want of anything like such a coherent conception will probably cause him to doubt the worth of such critical guidance. Archbishop Trench is, it is almost needless to say, very far from indulging in such ambitious rhetoric, or falling into similar confusion of thought. He even protests against those who would conclude Calderon to be a "poetical Melchisedec," and is careful to point out his close relationship to contemporary dramatists, and to confess his inferiority to some of them in certain points. He sees that in comedy the poet's "vein of comic dialogue is sometimes forced, and sometimes flows scantly enough." In somewhat milder terms he repeats Göthe's reproach that the Spaniard's characters resemble leaden bullets cast in the same mould. Yet, when these deductions are made, he believes that enough remains to entitle Calderon to rank among great original writers. He claims for him a sense of dramatic situation as apart from mere skill in stage effect, and repeats the praise often given to his "infinite dramatic tact and skill." The proof of the former quality produced by Archbishop Trench is singularly unfortunate, if cited as an instance of Calderon's originality. It is the second act of *Los Cabellos de Absolon* which contains the really powerful scene of Amnon's punishment for his great crime. The praise given to this scene by the writer is well deserved, but should in justice be given to Tirso de Molina, the second act of *Los Cabellos de Absolon* being, in fact, the third of Tirso's play, *La Venganza de Tamar*, which Calderon incorporated into his own, with the suppression of a few phrases. If this were the proper place in which to deal with the Spanish comedy (using the word in the Spanish sense of play of any sort) at large, the Archbishop's mistake might be made the occasion for a demonstration of the conventionality of the whole literature. The characters, the situations, and the motives are fixed by tradition. The dramatist is, to use a common illustration, in the position of the chess-player, who moves his pieces at will, but only on certain fixed rules, and is unable to alter their characters.

To the question whether Calderon excelled other players in the game—that is, how far he is entitled to the praise of "infinite dramatic tact and skill," Archbishop Trench gives an affirmative answer. He maintains that "all is laid out to the best advantage, all is calculated and weighed beforehand" in the Spaniard's plays. But the verdict is unsupported by evidence. It is not enough to prove such a large assertion as this, to cite the very effective situations presented in different plays. As Mr. Lewes says in his study of Calderon, the imagining of an effective situation is comparatively easy. The difficulty to be overcome by the dramatist is to make it the natural, the inevitable result of the previous action. To show that a writer for the stage has done this, we must have a careful analysis of several of his pieces, and the analysis must be made from a strictly dramatic point of view. No admiration for mere beauties of style, or approval of the writer's excellent moral, must induce the critic to overlook superfluous scenes or improbabilities in the representing of cause and effect. Here we believe that Archbishop Trench conspicuously fails to prove his point. He gives an analysis of only one play, the famous *Life's a Dream*, and we feel throughout that in his admiration for Calderon's excellent Christian moral he almost overlooks the fact that a play is a play. He hastens over a very essential incident in the first act without mention, and dismisses the underplot, which occupies a great space in the original, in a sentence. We have no space here to go through the play scene by scene; that has already been excellently done by Mr. Lewes in a little work which he wrote for Knight's monthly series, and those who wish to see how a play ought to be criticized may be safely referred to it. *Life's a Dream* unquestionably gives proof of a lively and fantastic imagination in the writer, and it has many effective scenes, but

\* An Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon, with Translations from his "Life's a Dream" and "Great Theatre of the World." By the Archbishop of Dublin. Second Edition, revised and improved. London: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

the action is helped on by clumsy expedients, and the dialogue is defaced by extravagant rants. Calderon's own countrymen, who have been more temperate in praising him than many of his foreign admirers, acknowledge that similar faults are to be found throughout his works. A very slight acquaintance with his plays will convince any reader that he had no scruple about using the same stage trick over and over again. He confesses as much with humorous frankness in his own *No hay burlas con el amor*, where he makes one of his characters say that the position in which he finds himself reminds him of the plays of Don Pedro Calderon in which there is always an "amante escondido, o rebozada muger," a hidden lover and a veiled lady. "The divine master" is almost as fond of blowing out candles as of hiding his hero in a closet. The necessity of protesting against the excessive claims made for Calderon has compelled us to spend perhaps too much time in pointing out his faults. It is a pleasanter task to dwell on his merits. No writer is a greater master of stage effect. If he violates probability in producing it, he compensates us by the profound impression he makes on our imagination. His comedies are often brilliant and ingenious. He added nothing in the way of character or motive to the material already at the disposal of the Spanish playwright, but he used it with more uniform skill. No single play of his deserves to be ranked higher than Lope de Vega's *Estrella de Sevilla*; but the general impression left by his works is that he was the more careful writer. He has produced nothing more brilliant than *La Verdad Sospechosa* of Alarcon, but he was unquestionably the greater man on the whole.

There is, however, one branch of dramatic literature in which Calderon has not only no equal, but no second. As a writer of mysteries, "autos sacramentales," he so far surpassed all his countrymen that they have become the main basis of his reputation, as indeed he appears to have always felt they would. On them must rest his claim to rank among great representative poets, his right, that is, to the title of "poet of the Inquisition." This epithet, first applied to him by Sismondi, has been rejected with indignation by his devotees, but he himself would have accepted it as a signal honour. Throughout his *autos* his great aim is to convey to the spectators the religious dogmas which it was the business of the Inquisition to keep from attack, and to adorn them with an often splendid lyric poetry, as, for instance, in the fine choruses of *La Cena del Rey Baltasar*. The Inquisition did not confine itself to burning Jews and heretics. It kept guard over the decency if not the morals of the nation at large. Much of the purity of language which Archbishop Trench admires in Spanish dramatic writers was the work of the Inquisition. In spite of Schack's poetical statement that the reader who first opens a Spanish auto sees a new heaven open over a new earth we may safely say that, putting matters of form and language aside, there is nothing to be found there which is not common to the mystic writers of the seventeenth century—to Juan de la Cruz, to Malon de Chaide, to Santa Teresa, and to many others. Calderon took the morals, and the dogmas which the Church thought right for its people, and clothed them with poetry. In his so-called philosophical plays he does exactly the same thing by means of secular characters instead of religious personifications. If to have put the teaching and creed of the Catholic Church when at its full logical development, and in that state of absolute mastery which it insists is its only true freedom, into poetry is enough to entitle a writer to the attention of all students of literature, and few will be inclined to doubt that it is, then no man is more deserving to be studied than this poet of the Inquisition.

Of the merits of Calderon's style it is hard for a foreigner to judge. He is often very obscure, so much so that his latest and best editor, Don Juan Hartzenbusch, declares that he is in passages unintelligible even to a Spaniard. But this is partly due to the badness of early editions with which actors and printers were in the habit of taking strange liberties, and though he was guilty of much affectation and "cultismo," yet when at his best he handles one of the noblest of languages in the noblest way. But against this must be set off much sheer rant and bad taste, a heaping up of sonorous epithets and metaphors which is intolerably tedious to readers trained on the classics, or taught to admire the dignity of Racine. Calderon's right to be praised for giving a high tone of honour to his characters would require greater space for proper examination than we can spare it here. Let the reader who is sufficiently master of Castilian take a play of the Spaniard's and compare it with a French piece, with which it has nothing in common but the name—we mean *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, and the *No hay burlas con el amor*. The comparison will be fruitful in other respects, but it will certainly prove that Perdicar, though a pitiful creature enough, is honour and manliness personified, as compared with the Spanish *galan* Don Alonso de Luna. This, however, Calderon shares with his fellow-dramatists, whose morality was that of the time—the most corrupt period of a nation, at all times false, cruel, and envious in action, in spite of lofty pretensions in speech, and of some amiable qualities. The subject of Archbishop Trench's Essay was an excellent specimen of his countrymen's best gifts, but was not much superior to their low moral tone. As a dramatist, he is a distinguished member of a large body of writers for the stage, who were very indifferent to character, using the same stock types over and over again, and careless as to nature or probability, but who in some respects understood the "optique du théâtre" and the construction of a lively intrigue as well as any

men who ever lived. We cannot agree that he is entitled to be considered an original thinker or a great dramatist, but he is a brilliant playwright and expounder of Catholic dogma and morals as they were in Spain in the seventeenth century.

#### TWO MINOR TALES.\*

MR. MARK CHORLTON never seems to weary himself, however much he may weary his readers, by the fulness of the descriptions that he gives of Cyprus. And yet we cannot feel at all satisfied that he has ever seen that island. He says that his hero, who tells his own story, went in a yacht to "Beatum (sic) Cyprum, as the old writers used to call it"; and that, after leaving it, he took a cruise to Syria. On their way home the yacht was wrecked, and for four days he and his comrades were buffeted about in an open boat. In all this there is nothing that might not be true, except the statement which implies an incredible ignorance of the rules of grammar on the part of the old writers. But here comes a gross blunder which would be hardly possible in any one who, however ignorant he may be of geography, knows anything of the eastern part of the Mediterranean. Mr. Chorlton says that the shipwrecked travellers were picked up in a most exhausted condition by a vessel on her way to Aden. Now certainly vessels going to Aden do pass through the Mediterranean, but then there are such places as the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. Of these we find no mention made by our hero. He and his friends are clearly taken to Aden against their will, as being the first port at which the ship stopped. If we are not mistaken, the place is thus dragged in with a total disregard of geography, so that Mr. Chorlton may have a chance of making what he considers a joke. "Although," he writes, "there is only a difference between Eden and Aden, I never saw any place in my life which was more unlike Paradise than the latter." We do not deny that a joke might be so good as to cover a multitude of geographical blunders. Mr. Chorlton, however, would certainly act more wisely were he to try to seek renown rather by a careful study of the map than by attempting to be humorous. His humour, indeed, is of a very heavy order. For instance, his hero visits the town of Curium. "Curium," he writes, "as its name would appear to imply, is a very curious place." In another part of the story he reports a speech made at a wedding-breakfast, in which the facetious orator tells the company that he had begun life as a betting-man, when he grew older and wiser he had become a better man, and was at last "the best man." The hero's name was Gravenor. His companions, he tells us, called him Grave, and he was thankful that they did not call him Gravy. Compared with such facetiousness as this we are almost willing to allow that the author's display both of mythological learning and descriptive writing is worthy of praise. At all events, a certain amount of interest is for a moment excited when we read that it was in Cyprus that Prometheus was chained to a rock. We wonder whether the author knows some Promethean legend which has escaped our memory, or whether he places the Caucasus in Cyprus as he seems to have placed Aden in the Mediterranean. From Prometheus he passes to Othello. We regret to say, however, that "his interest in that individual considerably abated" after the account that he heard of him in the island. He tells us that Shakespeare—the world's William as he calls him—"has thought proper to paint him black, and endow him with woolly hair and swarthy features." It seems somewhat needless, by the way, to go on to endow a man with features that are swarthy when he had already been painted black. From this he proceeds to pass some critical remarks on the play of *Othello*, which an ignorant man might very easily make, even if he had not been to Cyprus. In an earlier passage Mr. Chorlton had brought his experience to bear on another statement of Shakespeare's. We will quote it at length as it gives a fair specimen of the author's style:—

Albeit the world's William has pronounced men to be deceivers ever, and the "deceived" are only too glad to take this dictum as a text on which to preach us down, I must say, in self-defence, or rather in defence of my sex, that according to my experience, which has been by no means inconsiderable, inconstancy is not so much an inherent defect in human (male) nature as the result of a cause, namely, that the great majority of women are utterly and entirely incapable of calling into being a really lasting affection.

Cyprus, of course, affords a fine opportunity for that unhappy style of writing which is the invention of the present age, and which is known as word-painting. This style has certainly one merit—advantage, we should rather say. It is within the reach of the most ignorant of people, and requires no preparation beyond a careful study of a few worthless writers. It professes to be a description of nature, whereas it is nothing but a hash of a hash. Mr. Chorlton rings the well-known changes on a small peal of words, and produces one after another all those picturesque effects which are to be found nowhere but in the pages of novelists. Thus he tells us how the sky was deep blue and the sea was sapphire at the same time that the stars were shedding their soft, hallowing light, and the waves were chiming a sad song on the moonlit shore. If he ever does give a moment's thought to what he writes, he counts, no doubt, on the fact that

\* *Love in Cyprus*; or, *The Fortunes of an Unfortunate Man*. A Novel. By Mark Chorlton. London: Moxon, Saunders, & Co.

*Wothorpe-by-Stamford*. A Tale of Bygone Days. By Catherine Holdich. Griffith & Farran. 1880.

such readers as he is likely to get will have spent all their evenings in rooms lighted by gas, and know nothing of the colour of either sea or sky after the sun has set. He writes, we may feel sure, "for eyes," to use his own barbarous English, "conventionalized by the formularies and aesthetics of fashion." In another passage he introduces his readers to a steel-blue sky, in which stars were flashing and glittering like jewels, while shimmering moonbeams—whatever they may be—were casting a chastening, tender light. The scene of his story is changed from Cyprus to England; but with the change of the sky there is no change in the mind of the writer. He goes on describing with the same exuberance of folly. He takes us into a nobleman's park, and disgusts us by writing about "a flock or gleam of rose-colour from the beeches," and the bark of the birch that "shone with a sort of silvery sheen whenever a stray gleam of sunshine glinted upon it."

The story in *Love in Cyprus* does nothing to add any interest to the book. The hero falls in love with a Miss Methvin. She unfortunately was engaged to a cousin in America. Her lover in despair returns to England, and marries the only daughter of an earl. As he is utterly indifferent to his bride, he is not greatly distressed when she dies an hour or so after the wedding. He is now free, and fortunately Miss Methvin becomes in her turn free from her engagement. She writes to ask him to return to Cyprus. He finds her greatly changed. "Oh, Ely, what is it?" he exclaims, "tell me—tell me." She said huskily, "Cannot you see. I am dying." She gets worse and worse, and to all appearance goes through the whole of the well-known dying scene of the last chapter of a novel. He either loses his reason for a time or becomes unconscious. Meanwhile she goes through a crisis in her illness, gets well, and marries the hero.

*Wothorpe-by-Stamford* certainly is not a long story. It might be read in an hour or two, if, that is to say, it could be read at all. Its faults are by no means the same as those which we have pointed out in *Love in Cyprus*. Indeed, of so different a kind are they, that we would recommend the conscientious reader, who is resolved to go through both these tales without skipping, to take them at one and the same time, and read a chapter in each alternately. Some kind of an interest might be found in contrasting the styles of the two writers. Mrs. Holdich is as bald as Mr. Chorlton is ornate. She as much creeps along the earth, in patters if we may be allowed to say it, as he at times soars up to the sky. She is as homely as he is romantic. She is as ignorant of humour as he is restless in striving after it. While he has formed his style on the sensational novelists, she, it is clear, has gone for hers to the literature of tracts and of goody stories for young people. He believes that by striking scenes alone can the reader's attention be secured, and, therefore, he has recourse to foreign countries, a shipwreck, a sudden death, and complications in love. She thinks that whatever is got into a book must be worth reading, and, therefore, she has no hesitation in printing an amount of twaddle which would be intolerable even over an afternoon tea in the hottest August day. Her heroine tells her own story, and before long overwhelms the unhappy reader with despair by the account of her ancestors and relations. First she tells of "my father and mother," then of "my mother's father," who was rector of Hambleton, and next of "my grandfather, Maurice Fell." About this old gentleman she adds, "I never heard that he was otherwise than pleased when Claud Asheton asked for the hand of Margaret, his cousin." From this Claud, by the way, the heroine's brother got "the aquiline nose, or, as some called it, the Asheton nose," which distinguished his serious face. We have gone through not two full pages of large print, and are as yet a long way off the top of the family tree. We pass on and are introduced to "my paternal grandfather" and his family of ten sons and daughters, six of whom died of consumption between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. The reader can scarcely repress the wish that the other four had been cut off by the small-pox or the hangman so early in life that there were no descendants of them left at the present time. From "my paternal grandfather" we pass on to "my paternal grandmother," and to their two surviving twin sons, and so begin to breathe more freely as we hope that we are near the last branches of the family tree. "I have heard my father say," she records, "it was a joyful day for them both when my mother came to Wothorpe, and when little feet pattered about the house—first a boy, Claud, and four years afterwards I, Ruby. And now I must say something about my brother Claud." But we are at once taken back to the deaths of a paternal uncle and a maternal grandfather. We come next to the married daughter, and the husband of the married daughter of either my paternal or my maternal grandfather—we fail to make out which—and a page or two later on we are introduced to a distant cousin, Frank Asheton. "He," we read, "was a fine-looking man." The heroine, however, forgets to say whether he had the far-famed Asheton nose. On the following page the family circle is still further enlarged. "We had two aunts—one married, who lived with my grandfather; the other, Aunt Bertha, was an especial favourite." A French lady, Mme. la Baronne de Maricourt, had taken the greatest liking to Aunt Bertha, and persuaded her to live with her in France and become her amanuensis. The French lady, it would seem, suffered from weak sight. At the time of some Revolution she had to flee from her country to England. Aunt Bertha, with a caution that seems excessive, wrote to the heroine's mother, who was going to receive the refugees, to remind her that, if ever they required concealment, there was under the staircase in her house at Wothorpe-by-

Stamford a space large enough to hold several people. We have now safely guided our readers up the family tree, and brought them to the very edge of a mystery. Here we shall ask to part company, leaving it to them to satisfy the curiosity which may have been raised in their breasts by this hiding-place beneath the stairs.

#### CAMPAIGNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.\*

WHEN we made Captain Montague's acquaintance several years ago, as the author of a novel called *Claude Meadowleigh*, we had occasion to remark on his fondness for metaphors which were not unfrequently either far-fetched or inappropriate or incongruous. But, though we detect similar blemishes of style in the somewhat over-fine writing of his *Campaigning in South Africa*, we gladly acknowledge that he shows to decidedly greater advantage when dealing with facts in place of fiction. His campaigning sketches are almost invariably graphic, and his reminiscences of weary marches and bivouacs are enlivened with pleasant touches of drollery. His descriptions give one an excellent idea of the character of the country that befriended the Zulus by masking the movements of those wily bush-fighters, and opposing obstacles to the lumbering march of the regulars. He has much that is interesting to say of the natives—as well of those who enlisted under British colours as of Cetewayo, his chiefs, and his warlike commandos—and he records besides his personal opinion of the generals and commanders of columns who led our troops to ultimate victory. His remarks upon the war operations from the strategical point of view must of course be taken for what they are worth. He says himself that the expedition was a series of disappointments to him, as well as to the men and the other officers of the 94th. It was the fate of that sorely tried regiment to drag in the rear of the advance, to protect communications, and occupy fortified posts which were neither attacked nor even seriously threatened. In such circumstances Captain Montague, though sometimes almost within sound of the firing in the actions that decided the tedious campaign, had really no better opportunities of informing himself than any other dispassionate spectator. Indeed, living as he did in an atmosphere of *canards* and camp "scares," and listening to the intelligence of native scouts who seem to have been equally gifted with imagination and caution, he was placed at an actual disadvantage as compared with writers in London who had opportunities of comparing the most trustworthy accounts. Perhaps many readers will think it a merit in his book that it seems to have been based on memoranda written from time to time, in which the first impressions have been seldom corrected by the subsequent lights of experience and reflection. It is not so much exact history as the report of the changing opinions that obtained in certain military circles among men who were on the border of the scene of operations. Thus it has an unmistakable freshness, and we have a conviction of its realism which makes it all the more agreeable reading.

There is a good account of the voyage out in an overcrowded troop-ship. The *China* is a commodious vessel of her class; but when an entire regiment has to be stowed away on board of a converted passenger-steamer, the men have to put up with an infinity of petty miseries which they never contemplated in taking Her Majesty's shilling. The *China* was a "Cunarder," built for the trans-Atlantic service, and she had of course to cross the Line and the tropics on the way to the Cape. A couple of companies were berthed in the "orlop deck," and they had to descend to their quarters in the bowels of the ship by a succession of ladders fixed in a "shaft" which for its black depth might have led to a coal-mine. Below there was never a glimmering of daylight, and "by the dim light of the 'bull's eyes' could be seen the forms of men stripped to the waist, their bodies glistening with moisture, bending over the mess tables trying to read or fingering dirty packs of cards." Beneath the shaft was a hatchway, which opened on a magazine that made a receptacle for all stray articles that could be hidden out of the way. "When it was cleared out on disembarkation, all the property lost during the voyage was unearthed from its recesses—rifles, bayonets, straps, bags, boots, clothing, all rusty or rotten from the damp and heat." There was an unexpected and unwelcome delay at St. Vincent. Half a dozen troopships which had preceded the *China* were found lying at anchor in the open roadstead. Troops were urgently needed at the seat of war, yet it was physically impossible to despatch the shipping. There was an abundance of coals in store, but the facilities for coaling were limited; and the Admiralty and War Office had omitted to reckon with exigencies that were out of the every-day routine. After the tedious confinement in this floating prison, the disembarkation at Durban, notwithstanding its disagreeables, was *fêted* as a holiday. For the time discipline was inevitably relaxed; the men would tumble into the tiny tug, even when it was weighted down, till it was rolling gunwale under; and it seems a miracle that none of the heroes were drowned as they steamed through the surf and the rollers that break on the formidable bar. Once landed, it was literally out of the frying-pan into the fire. The South African sunshine was warm, and the progress of the troops was slow in the extreme. Captain Montague is no grumbler; he is merely a

\* *Reminiscences of an Officer in 1879.* By Captain W. E. Montague, 94th Regiment, Author of "Claude Meadowleigh," &c. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

faithful chronicler, who reports his experiences with a mingled sense of humour and resentment. But he had left his wife and his snug hut at Aldershot, full of anticipations of fighting and dreams of martial glory. And now he and his brother officers, with the sea-worn and much-enduring rank and file, were advancing by the slowest of stages parallel to the frontiers of Zululand, while the prospect of being in the thick of the fun appeared to recede rather than to draw nearer.

Perhaps it was the disappointment preying on his mind that made Captain Montague cynically disposed and somewhat unfair to the colonists. Explaining how general apprehensions had been abroad, he adds, "Nor was the panic to be laughed at. The Zulus had proved themselves a terrible foe; murder and fire were their only arguments; in a few hours they could overrun the colony, and that was defenceless." Seeing that the Zulus had already annihilated a British force of all arms, standing on the defensive in a deliberately selected position—which, by the way, in the face of the strictures of unprofessional critics, our author asserts to have been extremely strong—it was but natural that the inhabitants of open towns, whose lives and property and wives and children lay within easy reach of a light-footed enemy flushed with recent victory, should fortify themselves as best they could against probable and terrible contingencies. Yet a few pages afterwards, although the panic had subsided, he ridicules the Durban people for keeping up their defences. It appears to us to have been but natural that civilians and family men should be uneasy when, on Captain Montague's own showing, even our regular troops and their bravest leaders were morbidly apprehensive of Zulu onslaughts. He tells repeatedly how, on the strength of some vague rumour which nobody in authority found leisure to sift, a column threw itself into laager to receive the enemy, or began firing furious volleys on false alarms. "Lord Chelmsford," he says elsewhere, "has been blamed unjustly for his extreme caution during these early days, when the feeling which prompted it with him was equally shared by every officer in the camp." The fact is that the bravest men become timid under sustained mental strain and in face of unknown dangers; and the disastrous surprise of Isandula had overtaken the firmest nerves in a country where everything favoured the savages. The delays that excited impatience at home, the seemingly inexplicable countermarching and changes of plan for which Lord Chelmsford was so freely blamed, were probably due to difficulties of the country which were imperfectly appreciated. This at least was the opinion of Captain Montague. "At a distance, no doubt, our delays and caution did seem excessive; but to any one on the spot, who could see the difficulties in the way of an advancing enemy through such a wonderful country as was Zululand where we crossed it, they would appear sheer necessities." Seldom are the first appearances of a country more deceptive. It seemed to be a gently rolling table-land, admirably fitted for the operations of cavalry, and very practicable for the ponderous ox-waggons. In reality these impressions proved utterly delusive. The bottoms of the valleys between the rolling swells were traversed by sluggish streams trickling through bog and swamp. The rank growth of the grass covered heaps of fallen stones, the remains of deserted cattle-kraals; and the ant-bears had been burrowing everywhere among the hard-baked mounds of the ant-nests. But the grand obstacle to the advance of a column was "the donga." "To picture a donga, we must imagine a thick slice taken bodily out of the earth; the slice itself has bodily disappeared, leaving in its place a yawning gulf. This may be from a dozen to a hundred feet across; its sides are absolutely perpendicular, with buttresses here and there, always sharp as knife-edges, jagged and irregular." It might be possible to make one's way across a donga on foot, but in a waggon or on horseback the feat was impossible. Then you had either to ascend its course till you could turn it, or to "prospect" it till you came to a place where engineering operations were practicable. And as dongas are perpetually recurring in Zululand, it may be imagined how an army must be encumbered by its waggon train, while its regular cavalry is practically paralysed. In these circumstances the Basutos on their clever little ponies became extremely serviceable. Captain Montague, who has but an indifferent opinion of our colonial and coloured auxiliaries in general, praises the Basutos highly. They showed themselves brave, active, and intelligent. At the same time they were equally distinguished by their cold-blooded cruelty; and it was their practice to make no prisoners while following up the enemy in retreat. Our author tells a story by way of illustration. A Basuto shot a flying Zulu through the legs and stopped the man. Sitting down by his captive, he lunched calmly, beguiling the time with cheerful talk, in which he persuaded the crippled Zulu to join. Then, having finished his meal, he closed the conversation with a friendly nod, and, casually remarking that he had serious business on hand, took up his carbine and finished the Zulu. It is not creditable to a civilized country to have to seek or accept the aid of such allies.

Among the most interesting passages in Captain Montague's volume are those relating to the scenes of the Prince Imperial's death and of the Isandula massacre. When Captain Montague's party paid their visit to the kraal beyond the fatal donga where the Prince came to his end, they found an old woman who had been left behind by her people, "hideous and ugly beyond words to describe." She jabbered away, and, as the interpreter assured them, boasted, in the intervals of promiscuous abuse, that it was her sons who had killed the Prince. And they

came upon a piece of corroborative evidence, for on the floor of her hut was the Prince's shirt, "stiff with blood and pierced with assegai stabs." Not less melancholy were the signs of the fight at Isandula, though Captain Montague went over the ground many months after the disaster. In a country where the blazing sun bakes the earth to the hardness of brick it is no easy matter to bury the dead, and the bodies of animals must be left to decay where they fall. First the visitors came on an artillery cart, which had been hauled some distance by the Zulus and then abandoned. Next was a gun-limber with the Woolwich marks on it; one limber box still in its place, the other broken open and a hundred yards away. Soon the bodies began to lie thickly. "The Carabineers, who fell fighting bravely in a circle, with Durnford in the midst, lay a little apart. Wherever an ox or a horse had been killed there was a patch, and the whole field was covered with these tell-tale patches." The conical hill and the famous neck of land connecting it with the rock, and looking down upon "Fugitives' Drift," were studded with waggons—"some empty, many loaded up. Amongst the latter, several containing grain; the bags had rotted, and the oats falling out, had filled the waggon with black mould, from which the green leaves were springing brightly. In many waggons the oxen had been assegaied in the yokes, and lay in two ghastly rows, eight of a side, just as they fell. The slain were perfect, while through the assegai holes could be seen their last meal, now turned into chopped hay, for all the world looking as if they had been stuffed." With this vivid, though somewhat ghastly, bit of description we bring our notice to a close, merely adding that Captain Montague's book gives one the impression that our troubles with the Zulus are at an end for some time to come. Self-confident to excess in the beginning of the campaign, they changed their ideas altogether after Ulundi, and went to the opposite extreme. After being beaten in fair fight on their own chosen ground, they acknowledged that the white soldiers were the better men; and they have resigned themselves accordingly to be peaceable allies, so far as their peculiar idiosyncrasies may permit.

#### DIXON ON PROBATE AND ADMINISTRATION.\*

MR. DIXON has succeeded in writing a very useful and a very interesting book. The law of Probate, as treated by him, is not confined to the mere process by which a will confessedly valid and sufficient meets with official recognition, but embraces all the questions which affect the validity of a document proffered as testamentary, and the rules according to which it receives or is denied that recognition without which it is ineffectual. By taking this wider field for his labours, Mr. Dixon is at liberty to discourse on the law of testamentary capacity, irregular execution, undue influence, and the variety of legal doctrines which constitute the more romantic aspect of the law of wills. At the outset we may also notice that he has incorporated with his work an able treatise on those provisions of the Judicature Acts which more immediately affect contested will cases—a treatise which, as it notices well nigh all the latest authorities, is of use beyond the limits of the class of practice to which it more immediately refers.

Obviously one of the first points Mr. Dixon has to consider is, "who can be a testator," and as all persons not under specific disabilities are naturally able to dispose of their property by will, we soon get to the important question of soundness or unsoundness of mind as affecting the validity of a will. With regard to this, Mr. Dixon rules in favour of the view expressed in p. 16, that "proof of general unsoundness is not necessary to negative mental capacity, and that one insane delusion, even though in all other respects the testator acted with perfect sanity, will suffice." It is a pity that Mr. Dixon's book appeared before the recent judgment of the Probate Division in the case of Mr. Smee was reported, because we venture to think that that judgment tends strongly to establish the more rational doctrine that, although the presence in a testator's mind of one insane delusion, co-existent with a large amount of sanity, may be sufficient to invalidate his will, yet this should be the result only where the delusion is of such a nature as may reasonably be supposed to have influenced the disposition of his property. Speaking of the few other disabilities recognized by the law, Mr. Dixon says at p. 26, "The executor of the will of a person found *felo de se* by a coroner's jury may prove the will, though the effect of the verdict is a forfeiture of the deceased's personal property to the Crown." And a little further on, "From this it is manifest that, though a felon's personal property is forfeited to the Crown, &c." In our opinion Mr. Dixon has misinterpreted the statute of 1870 to which he refers in a footnote. That Act absolutely abolished all forfeiture for felony, and specifically mentions suicide as having no longer the effect of working a forfeiture.

The year 1837 saw the commencement of a great change in all matters relating to wills. In that year the Wills Act was passed, which, besides introducing new incidents into the operation and effect of testamentary documents, substituted one uniform and indispensable system of execution for the somewhat bewildering variety of formalities which had till then obtained. This contrast Mr. Dixon somewhat weakens by incorporating with his exposition of the older system a number of remarks equally applicable to the new. The section of the Wills Act relating to executors provides

\* *Probate and Administration, Law and Practice in Common Form and Contentious Business.* By W. John Dixon, Esq. B.A., LL.M. (Cantab.), Barrister-at-Law, of the Inner Temple. London: Reeves & Turner. 1880.

that no will shall be valid unless in writing, and signed at the foot or end thereof by the testator, or by some other person in his presence and by his dictation—such signature being, moreover, made or acknowledged by the testator in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time. Few enactments have been the subject of more litigation than this section, and some of the judicial refinements introduced into its interpretation have been almost ludicrous. Thus, a will otherwise duly executed was rejected because there was a space, eight-tenths of an inch wide, left at the bottom of the last sheet of the actual will, and the signature was placed on the next page; and questions have arisen as to how attestation was to be carried out in the presence of a blind testator. The Wills Amendment Act of 1847 was passed with a view to remedying the uncertainty as to what constituted "the foot or end" of a will; but that its success in this respect was but limited is demonstrated by the long list which Mr. Dixon adduces of cases decided upon this explanatory law. It is, however, consolatory to learn (p. 62) that "the general result of them appears to be, that when there is a *bona fide* endeavour to conform to the requirements of these Acts, failure in the strict letter of the law will not vitiate the will. It must be in the spirit also." Of course Mr. Dixon takes due notice of the important case of *Sugden v. St. Leonards*, which finally established the doctrine that when a will is lost parole evidence of its contents is admissible, and sufficient to secure the carrying into effect of its provisions; a doctrine which, in order to avoid fraud, must only be applied in exceptional cases, where the evidence is very clear and above suspicion.

The Wills Act, besides introducing new formalities to be observed in the making of a will, laid down fresh rules as to the methods and contingencies by which a will may be revoked; and the present work concisely tabulates the states of the law on this point before and after the above-mentioned enactment, including revocation of a will by subsequent marriage of the testator—a change of circumstances which, though partially recognized as an implied revocation prior to the Wills Act, was then first exalted to the position of a definite and express revocation of a former will. An apparent inconsistency arises with regard to revocation by marriage, inasmuch as, under the Wills Act, a will is held to speak from the death of the testator, after which there can of course be no question of his marriage. It must, however, be taken that, for this purpose, the date of the will becomes material and not the date of the testator's death. An interesting chapter is devoted to contingent wills—that is to say, wills which the testator obviously intended should take effect only on the occurrence of certain contemplated events. With regard to these somewhat anomalous documents, Mr. Dixon holds, and apparently rightly holds, that if the contemplated contingency does not occur, the will is *ipso facto* revoked, although the testator may by subsequent recognition adopt the same will as his in all events, independently of the failure of the originally imposed condition. It is sometimes rather difficult to decide whether a will is really contingent, or whether what at first sight might be taken as a contingency is not really only an expression of the testator's reason for making the will. Thus, in a case quoted at p. 159, "Lest I should die before the next sun, I make this my last will" was held to fall within the latter, not the former category; while a will containing the words, "In case of accident I sign this my will" was held to be contingent.

With a view, as he says, to preserving continuity of purpose, Mr. Dixon, having dealt with the usual attributes and incidents of a will, turns to the consideration of the persons on whom devolves the duty of carrying that will into execution—namely, the legal personal representatives, be they executors or administrators. About the office and duty of a regularly appointed executor there is but little new to be said; and Mr. Dixon has done wisely in occupying himself mainly with the more abstruse questions relating to "executors according to the tenor," or those who, though not specifically named as executors in the will, are yet so charged with the carrying into effect its provisions as to be placed in a strictly analogous position, and "executors *de son tort*," or those persons who, not having been named at all in a will, yet, by officious intermeddling, render themselves responsible for the completion of that which they have thus undertaken. Ample illustrations are given of the language and circumstances by which persons may become executors under one of the above denominations, as also information with regard to the method by which one named as executor may renounce the office, or even afterwards retract such renunciation if he be so minded. In relation to this branch of his subject Mr. Dixon has, however, adduced two cases in p. 212 which appear inconsistent, or at least to require further explanation. He says:—"Seizing the testator's goods, claiming in error a property in them himself, does not render him liable as executor"; and a little lower down:—"By taking possession of the testator's goods, and converting them to his own use, or disposing of them, he has intermeddled, and cannot renounce."

The question of domicile is in some cases material with reference to wills, and the author of the present work, whilst modestly referring his readers for fuller information to works more specially devoted to this subject, allots a certain amount of space to it. In saying, as he does at p. 261, that wills "are not valid unless executed in conformity with the law prevailing in the country where the testator is domiciled," Mr. Dixon states his proposition a little too broadly; inasmuch as he omits to notice the exception introduced by the Domicile Act of 1861, which provides that every will made out of the kingdom by a British subject, whatever be

his domicile at the time of making such will or at death, shall, so far as regards personal estate, be held to be well executed, and admitted to probate, if made according to the forms required either by the laws of the place where it was made, or by the laws of the domicile, or by the laws of that part of her Majesty's dominions where the testator had his domicile of origin; and, moreover, by the same statute a will made in the United Kingdom by a British subject domiciled abroad is held good if executed according to the form required by the law of that part of the United Kingdom where it is made. It is but fair to add that Mr. Dixon states the effect of this statute rightly later on, in p. 274.

The law is peculiarly solicitous with regard to the testamentary disposition of soldiers and sailors. Recognizing the unbusiness-like and impulsive habits of the latter class it has girt about with special precautions and formalities—such as attestation by the captain, the officers of a naval hospital, a justice of the peace, or other specified responsible person—the wills of petty officers and seamen not on actual service, when such wills are designed to pass prize money, wages, or other moneys acquired by their calling. At the same time, acknowledging the perils of service by land or sea, and following out, as Mr. Dixon remarks, the traditions of the Roman law, various statutes have permitted soldiers and sailors on actual service and in case of emergency to make wills by word of mouth, known as nuncupative wills. These provisions extend to officers as well as men; but in the case of soldiers the scope of the Acts has been somewhat narrowed by a decision that the term actual military service is to be construed as equivalent to "being on an expedition."

Although not strictly coming under the head of Probate, since in such cases there is nothing to prove, Mr. Dixon has included in his work a dissertation on administration under an intestacy, and the distribution of an intestate's property amongst his next of kin. His treatment of the practice of the Court, both in contentious and non-contentious business, is very full and clear, including the summary of the provisions of the Judicature Acts before referred to; but these portions of the book we pass over as lacking general interest. There is also a very copious appendix containing the statutes, rules, and forms now in force with respect to matters connected with wills, so that the book is self-contained, and, save for the cases cited, dispenses with external reference. This advantage is not, however, attained without some sacrifice of portability, as the volume is of a rather portentous size.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

**SOLDAN'S History of Witchcraft** in connexion with legislation, first published in 1843 (1), is one of those works which, in their original shape accessible only to a learned public, filter down to the general public through the medium of compilers and appropriators. It has now been thoroughly revised and in part re-written by the author's son-in-law, himself recently deceased; but, notwithstanding the great additions made in the interim both to the history of superstition and the history of jurisprudence, the framework of the book remains substantially the same. All subsequent research has tended to corroborate Soldan's conception of the origin of magic, which may be regarded as a barbarous natural theology, that residuum of the original beliefs of primitive man which proves finally irreconcilable with reason and experience. In Caffaria the magician is the wisest man of the community; in modern Europe he is one of the most ignorant; unless, as with Roger Bacon, the character is forced upon him by popular prejudice, or, like Cagliostro, he is a thorough charlatan. This alliance of magic with exploded beliefs naturally brought it into a close connexion with heathenism, and to this cause, Soldan considers, the systematic persecution it underwent is principally to be ascribed. We hear but little of such persecution in Mohammedan countries, but in Christendom, honeycombed with strange mystical sects retaining vestiges of Paganism and Manicheism, magic and heresy were not easily distinguished; and, in fact, continually ran into each other. Soldan shows very clearly how persecution for witchcraft grew out of prosecutions for heresy, and applied all the ideas and principles already recognized in the latter. They first became fully developed as a branch of ordinary procedure in France during the fourteenth century, culminating in the atrocious persecution of the Templars. It is significant of their ecclesiastical character that they almost died out in France at the end of the century, when Papal authority was paralysed by the great schism. They spread, however, into other countries, being everywhere encouraged by the Inquisition. The resistance offered to the inquisitors in Germany led to two events which mark an epoch in the history of witchcraft. One was the publication of that famous demonstration of Papal fallibility, the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. against sorcery, *Summis desiderantes*—the other the compilation of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, the classical authority on the subject from the inquisitor's point of view. From this time the persecution became systematic, and the simultaneous efforts to repress heresy by similar methods, conspired with occasional outbreaks of the epidemical demonomania to which every age is liable, to render ages of growing enlightenment more infamous for the atrocities practised upon the most helpless members of society than the dark ages had ever been.

(x) *Soldan's Geschichte der Hexenprozesse*. Neu bearbeitet von Dr. Heinrich Hepp. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

Soldan investigates the progress and decline of this ghastly superstition with extreme diligence, and, without becoming tedious, he has written this dismal chapter in the history of humanity at sufficient length. An appendix, added by the editor, treats of the various attempts which have recently been made to establish a ground-work of reality for the belief in witchcraft, most of which, Herr Heppé thinks, arise from unacquaintance with the text of the judicial proceedings.

The correspondence of F. C. Weber (2), agent for George I. as Elector of Hanover at the Court of Peter the Great from 1714 to 1718, is not so absolutely confined to the affairs of the unfortunate Czarévitch Alexis as might be inferred from the title-page prefixed to it by Professor Herrmann. The letters relate in a great measure to the politics of the Baltic States, George's differences with Denmark having led him to ally himself with Charles XII. of Sweden, and thus incur the enmity of Peter the Great. The numerous references to Alexis, although highly interesting, add little to our knowledge except by confirming the belief in the existence of a conspiracy, in which his own share was probably merely passive, to depose his father and place him on the throne. A general massacre of foreigners was simultaneously to take place, and the ancient order of things was to be restored. The statement is confirmed in an anonymous correspondence published as an appendix, and no doubt conveys the substance of the confessions of the alleged conspirators, which were, however, for the most part extorted by torture. There are no additional particulars respecting the death of Alexis himself. Weber was a man of great capacity, and apart from his diplomatic correspondence is an important authority upon Russian affairs, being the author of *Das veränderte Russland*, published anonymously some years after the date of his mission. His letters contain many incidental illustrations of the barbarism of the country at that period, although he appears to have seen no part of it except the new capital. Abundant instances continually occur of Peter's energy and indefatigable efforts to advance the material interests of his country, as well as of the discontent created by his innovations.

In the interesting pages of C. von Höfler (3) the excellent but unpractical Flemish Pope, Adrian VI., becomes a typical figure, representing the piety and seriousness of the Teutonic race, in contrast to the levity, secular spirit, and mere ceremonialism imputed to the Latins. Ritter von Höfler's imagination is impressed by the circumstance that, since two or three obscure and ephemeral pontiffs in the eleventh century, no one not of Latin race has been elevated to the Papacy except the two Adrian, the Fleming and our own countryman, Nicolas Breakspere. The fact is sufficiently decisive as respects the ecumenical pretensions of the Roman See, but it is not from this point of view that the writer considers it. To him Adrian represents what the Papacy might have been had it been allotted to the Germans instead of to the Italians. The principal objection to this manner of viewing the subject is its tendency to aggrandize the figure of the exemplary Adrian, and make him a kind of Papal Agis, who succumbed in the unequal strife with a degenerate age. In fact, as the Reformers found to their cost, the Church of Rome was perfectly capable of the amendment she so greatly needed, only it must be attempted by methods suitable to her traditions and genius. Adrian undoubtedly mismanaged his undertaking, but it must have failed at the time in the hands even of a much abler man, simply because the public opinion essential to its successful execution remained to be created. The progress of Luther, the defection of England, and the sack of Rome had not yet occurred to bring ecclesiastics to their senses. When these events had taken place a very considerable reformation in manners and discipline was effected with general assent under the auspices of one of the most worldly of the Popes. Ritter von Höfler's exaggerated estimate of Adrian does not, however, interfere with the general fidelity of his narrative. The principal exception to which his really agreeable and erudite labours are liable, is that of over-minuteness; or the work might perhaps be correctly characterized as an amphibious composition between biography and history, too concise for the latter and too detailed for the former. Adrian's own actions and sayings are too insignificant, or perhaps too imperfectly recorded, to sustain or animate a long narrative, and the peculiar picturesqueness of his attitude as a Puritan Pope in the age of the Renaissance admits of being expressed within a narrow compass. Ritter von Höfler's main thesis, that Adrian's name deserves to be identified with the semi-reformation of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century, will not bear examination. Nothing can well be more certain than that events would have followed substantially the same course if Adrian had never existed.

Dr. Karl Brünemann's life of Robespierre (4), according to the author himself, is designed as a reply to an unfavourable biography of the revolutionary hero. We share Dr. Brünemann's apprehensions that the German public, having the bane and antidote both before them, will prefer the former, not so much for the reason assigned by him, that the assailant has been fortunate in his publisher, as because the assailed has been singularly

unfortunate in his advocate. Dr. Brünemann is a very poor writer, whose style is low and creeping, and whose measure for all things and persons indiscriminately is the estimate formed of them by his captious and jaundiced hero. His historical treatment of his subject is inexcusably superficial. It nowhere appears what the "unused sources" to which he claims to have resorted may be, but it is sufficiently evident that they can be of very little importance. He nowhere mentions Hamel, the great authority for Robespierre's life on his own side of the question, for an abridgment of whose comprehensive biography the German public might have really been indebted to him. He passes with incredible lightness over those actions of Robespierre which require the most apology, such as the execution of Danton, and fills his book with long extracts from his speeches, dreary reading enough in the original, and utterly unreadable in a tame German translation.

Iceland (5), like Norway, is on but uneasy terms with the larger State with which she is connected by a personal union, and claims a measure of independence which the latter is indisposed to accord. The Icelandic question attracted some attention in Germany while the Schleswig-Holstein question was yet unsettled, and Professor Maurer, an authority on the jurisprudence of the Northern nations, was accustomed to report upon it from time to time for the information of the German public. He has now republished his essays with additions, and, allowing for an anti-Danish bias, excusable in consideration of the circumstances of Schleswig-Holstein, his volume presents probably a fair, certainly a lucid and interesting, summary of the history and grounds of the Icelandic agitation for a modified autonomy. The Icelandic "Alding," or national assembly, so famous in the early history of the island, after having almost fallen into oblivion, and been actually abolished in 1800, was revived by a royal rescript in 1843. The political changes occasioned by the revolutionary disturbances of 1848 threw power at Copenhagen into the hands of a democratic party, in one point of view exceedingly liberal, but in another bent on destroying all local privileges, and consolidating the various States of the monarchy into a single political organization. The history of Iceland since this date is one of resistance to this centralizing tendency, and of endeavours to obtain more satisfactory financial arrangements and the abolition of monopolies designed for the advantage of Denmark. The latter object seems to have been fully attained, and the former in a considerable degree. Dr. Maurer's volume is concluded by a short memoir of the late Jon Sigurdson, the ablest representative of the Icelandic popular party, and at the same time the most eminent modern Icelandic author and editor of ancient Norse literature.

Dr. Rohlfs's "History of Medicine in Germany" (6) is chiefly designed for professional readers. By them it will be found interesting and valuable, although somewhat needlessly circumstantial. The present volume, which is the second of the biographical division of the book, contains the lives of only four physicians in the strict sense of the term, and the only one among them of European reputation is the illustrious botanist Sprengel. Four eminent accoucheurs, however, are added, for whom the distinction is claimed of having been the principal reformers of the obstetric branch of the profession in Germany. Their memoirs, diffusely written, but not devoid of interest, are accompanied by copious extracts from their writings and elaborate bibliographies.

Meyer's *Jahrbuch* (7) pursues its useful career, and continues to deserve a high place among the publications which aim at giving an annual review of the intellectual activity of mankind. It is, of course, impossible that such a review should be complete, and the choice of topics may occasionally appear capricious; in general, however, they are selected with excellent judgment and treated with much ability. Among papers on specifically English subjects may be noticed a review of recent English literature, an estimate of the British school of painting, and a narrative of the Afghan campaign. All the summaries of recent politics and contemporary literatures are very impartially treated; but perhaps the most valuable contribution to the number is a notice of the recent advances of the theory of evolution, by Dr. Krause, known in this country as the biographer of Erasmus Darwin. The problem of the ancient luxuriant Polar vegetation receives especial attention. The archaeological department is also well represented, and there are very useful plans of the excavations at Ilion, Ephesus, and Olympia.

The success of the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch* has probably suggested the establishment of an annual devoted to Goethe (8). There should be no great difficulty in maintaining one, for not only is the variety of Goethe's writings infinite, but biographical materials are as abundant in his case as they are scanty in Shakespeare's; and the persons who may fairly be brought into connexion with him are innumerable. Hermann Grimm opens the first volume with a notice of one of the most interesting of these persons, Bettina von Arnim, whom he knew intimately in her old age. Like others who were acquainted with her, he was greatly impressed by her

(2) *Peter der Grosse und der Zarevitch Alexei*. Vornehmlich nach und aus der gesandtschaftlichen Correspondenz F. C. Weber's herausgegeben von E. Herrmann. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Papst Adrian VI. 1522-1523*. Von Constantin Ritter von Höfler. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Maximilian Robespierre. Ein Lebensbild nach zum Theil noch unbenutzten Quellen*. Von Dr. K. Brünemann. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Zur politischen Geschichte Islands*. Gesammelte Aufsätze von Konrad Maurer. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Natt.

(6) *Geschichte der deutschen Medicin*. (Die medicinischen Klassiker Deutschlands. Abth. 2.) Von H. Rohlfs. Stuttgart: Encke. London: Kolkemann.

(7) *Meyer's Deutsches Jahrbuch für die politische Geschichte und die Kulturfortschritte der Gegenwart, 1879-1880*. Leipzig: Bibliogr. Institut. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Goethe-Jahrbuch*. Herausgegeben von Dr. L. Geiger. Bd. 1. Frankfurt: Rutter & Lening. London: Williams & Norgate.

wit and vivacity and her remarkable power of instilling enthusiasm into less impassioned natures. Herr Grimm states that the style of her familiar correspondence is much inferior to that of her published letters, which seems a good argument against the perfect genuineness of these latter much-disputed compositions. Thirty-six letters from Goethe himself are also published, mostly belonging to the later period of his life, and unimportant in subject, but all characteristic in expression. A manuscript of "Prometheus," from a copy belonging to Frau von Stein, offers some interesting variations. There are also a collection of notices of Goethe by his contemporaries, several critical essays, of which one on the "Helena" is perhaps the most important, and a chronicle and bibliography for the year.

Herr Leopold Katscher's sketches from English life (9), though making no pretensions to initiate his readers profoundly into its mysteries, depict some of its external aspects with a lively and attractive touch. Papers on the English Universities, the postal and telegraphic systems, and the London clubs, convey much really valuable information in a very pleasant style, while "Subterranean London," the East End and Metropolitan charitable institutions, of which six types are selected for special illustration, form the subjects of less elaborate articles. An appendix treats of some of the minor but suggestive curiosities of the day, such as Mrs. Girdling's Shaker community, and Dr. Richardson's projected "city of health."

Chamisso's poems on the cycle of female existence, (10), with its capital incidents of betrothal, espousal, and young motherhood, are well adapted for illustration, and have received ample justice from Herr Thumann, who has created or selected an extremely pretty type of feminine attractiveness. The illustrations, as well as the poems, may be censured for an excess of sentiment, but in both cases sentimentalism stops far short of silliness.

There is considerable power in A. Fitger's tragedy "The Witch" (11). A high-born maiden's love of study and freedom of thought bring her under suspicion of sorcery, and a tragic catastrophe ensues. But the play, like the heroine, is too bookish.

By much the most important contribution to the *Rundschau* (12) is the Russian memorandum on foreign policy drawn up in 1864, which has already been widely circulated through the press. Dr. Pauli contributes a paper on an interesting though subordinate figure in English history, Mary Tudor, sister of Henry VIII., consort of Louis XII. of France, and afterwards espoused to the Duke of Suffolk, who nearly lost his head in consequence. Henry appears in the same unamiable light as elsewhere. An article, by Karl Hillebrand, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence, gives a very satisfactory account of Belgian progress, and Belgian literature is illustrated by a pretty story translated from the Flemish of a deceased Belgian authoress, Rosalie Loveling. "Natanael," by Marie von Olfers, is also a good story. Herr Rodenberg's essay on the relations of national literature to universal literature is interesting, and there is much that is very curious in Rudolph Gengen's account of the rudimentary beginnings of the German drama. A paper on the Etruscan problem is chiefly remarkable for its injustice to English philological science. Mr. Isaac Taylor's theory of the Altaic affinities of the Etruscan language is classed among the paradoxes which have brought discredit upon the inquiry altogether, and the exclusive credit of a scientific investigation of the subject is attributed to the German philologist Deecke. Yet, at the end of the paper, we are informed that Deecke has all but embraced Mr. Taylor's hypothesis, which becomes quite another thing when it has converted a German.

(9) *Bilder aus dem englischen Leben*. Studien und Skizzen von Leopold Katscher. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Nutt.

(10) *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*. Lieder-Cyclus von Adelbert von Chamisso. Illustriert von Paul Thumann. Leipzig: Titze. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Die Hexe*. Trauerspiel. Von A. Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(12) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vi., Hft. 11. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trubner & Co.

We are requested to state that the name of the author of "A Sketch of the Kafir and Zulu Wars," noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 14th, is Captain Henry Hallam Parr, not, as it appeared in our notice, Captain Henry Hallam Parker.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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One of the chief among Mr. LONG's extensive attainments was his knowledge of Roman Law; and his well-known articles on this subject—written now about forty years ago—were the first important effort made by any English scholar to facilitate and promote its study.

It is felt, therefore, that a Memorial bearing his name cannot be associated more appropriately than with the encouragement of this branch of legal studies, and in the University of which he was so distinguished a member.

The precise form and conditions of this Memorial will depend upon the amount raised, and will be determined by the Committee.

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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

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## THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE,

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J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar, pro tem.

## THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.—THE COLLEGE

SESSION, 1880-1, will begin in the Medical Department on Friday, October 1; in the Arts, Science, and Law Department, on Tuesday, October 5; and in the Evening Class Department, on Monday, October 11. Prospectuses are published for each of these Departments, and may be obtained on application to the REGISTRAR. Fuller details respecting the Courses of Instruction, Fees, Scholarships, Exhibitions, &c. will be found in the Calendar, which may be obtained early in September (price 3s. 6d.) from Mr. CORRIE, 23 Piccadilly, and other Booksellers in Manchester, and from Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO. London. The Syllabus of the Evening Classes may now be obtained from Mr. CORRIE (price 6d.; post free, 7d.).

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## VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY.—THE NEXT TERM will

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